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THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BILL AT FOUR MONTHS.

The next evening, at seven, Henri le Morneaut's cab brought him to the door of 10, Harley Terrace. Before, however, we narrate his interview with Morley, we must explain how that worthy made his way home through the storm, and what he found there. He evidently feared something or some one; for when he had finished his last glass of grog, he left the house very stealthily, and crept along the street as if he expected to see a detective policeman lurking in the shadow of every doorway. But how did he propose to carry out his future schemes? Did he intend to creep about in the darkness forever, trembling at every flicker of light, and every stealthy footstep?

No; this night was the turning point of his existence, and he knew it. So with eager footsteps through the snow he went, not this time bending as with an overwhelming burden, but erect and firm, though hurrying. At No. 10 Harley Terrace, he knocked eagerly, bounded up stairs without waiting to speak to the person who opened the door, and, entering a room on the first landing, found himself in the presence of Mark Durant, the highwayman.

Years had changed this man but little. His curling hair was still glossy, his eye was still bright, his form erect and powerful, and the brown hue of his skin but added to his manliness and his wild beauty.

"Have you seen him?" he asked, as Morley Bridgenorth rushed into the room.

"Yes," said Morley, as he sat down by the fire. "I *have* seen him, and I have now in my pocket a bill for four thousand pounds!"

The thief's eyes sparkled.

"That is a fortune," he said.

Morley smiled.

"You are making an error," he said; "a great error. This bill for four thousand pounds is one I have undertaken to get cashed for Henri le Morneaut. He will be here to-morrow for money. He shall have it."

"Where will you get it?"

"I have told you that to-morrow's post will bring me a check for ten thousand pounds, as well as bank notes for thirty pounds. The smaller sums will be expended in obtaining for you and myself decent suits of clothing; the larger sum will begin the banking account of Colonel Marchmont."

Mark smiled.

"You are sanguine, my friend," he said.

"I am in this instance; so much so, that I shall go to bed and sleep as on a bed of down, and wake up to ring check." [illegible] them and take out the notes and the

"I trust you may be right," said Mark. "I only wish that poor little Nebe were alive to help me with my share of the luck."

Next morning Morley Bridgenorth's bell rang at nine o'clock, and the servant took up two letters.

"Tell my friend I desire to speak with him," said Morley, quietly.

Mark was already up and dressed, and came in hurriedly.

"What luck?" he asked.

"There are two letters," returned Morley. "One contains a check for the ten thousand pounds—the other, six-five pound Bank of England notes!"

Mark whistled meaningly, and sat down on the edge of the bed in sheer amazement.

"Well, Morley," he said, "you are a man of genius—I allow it now."

The escaped convict sat up in his bed with an air of quiet dignity.

"Mark," he said, gently, but firmly, "you have aided me well, befriended me in every way; bnt we must now keep to our compact. From this moment I am Colonel Marchmont, and you are John Wrexfield, my confidential servant."

A kind of spasm crossed the thief's features as Morley spoke.

But he had made up his mind for it, and his emotion lasted but for a moment.

"Yes, yes, Colonel," he said, with a smile. "I am quite ready to agree, in fact, I did agree, long ago. But this arrangement is only for the sake of the world. You will still be my friend?"

Marchmont (as we must now call him) took Wrexfield's hand.

"Yes," he said, "I will still be your friend as long as you are mine."

So, as I have said, Henri le Morneaut's cab brought him that evening to the door of Marchmont's lodgings in Harley Terrace. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, and his bearing was that of a gentleman of the highest *ton*.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Bridgenorth," said Henri, laughing; "but you are really so changed from last night that I scarcely recognised you."

Marchmont smiled.

"I am aware," he returned, "that I am changed. To-day I am myself; yesterday I was a fiction. But a truce to personalities. I suppose you are anxious about your money?"

"I am, indeed."

The Colonel drew a portfolio towards him, opened it, and took from it a roll of bank notes.

"There," he said, when he had counted a number of them,—"there are your four thousand pounds, without any deduction for interest."

Henri received them with a trembling hand.

Who was this man who refused to lend money in usury?

"I thank you sincerely," he said, "but I asked no such favor as this. I did not suppose you would lend me so large a sum without interest. Excuse me, sir, but pray what can be your reason for this magnanimity?"

Colonel Marchmont eyed him sternly.

"Young man," he said, "talk of magnanimity when I exercise it. Last night I was poor—to-day I am comparatively rich. I am not an usurer, and I lend you the exact sum you require. Some day I may claim something in return."

Henri remained silent for a moment. Then he said, "Where is the bill now?"

"At my banker's."

Henri turned pale.

"Will they present it?" he asked.

"Certainly."

The young man trembled.

"You seem surprised," said Colonel Marchmont, lighting a cigar. "Do you smoke?"

"Yes, a little."

"These cigars are very good; will you try one?"

He handed him his cigar-case.

Henri took one, and leaned over towards the Colonel to light it.

"Shall I tell you why you are surprised?"

"Yes, if you can."

"The bill you have given me, dated a week since, and purporting to be signed by Sir Mordaunt Carew, is a forgery."

A cry like a suppressed yell broke from the lips of Henri le Morneaut as his companion uttered this accusation.

"You lie!" he cried, as he sank back on the easy chair—he had no strength to rise,—"you lie basely—foully!"

The Colonel's brows knit.

"Lie is a strong word, young man," he said, sternly. "Many a man has lost his life for uttering that word. I forgive you, however, because I can understand your excited feelings. Nevertheless, I have reason to believe the bill to be a forgery."

Henri's white lips worked nervously.

"In that case," he said, "take back the bank notes and give me the bill."

"Not so," answered the Colonel. "You require the money—keep it. Fear nothing from me. When the bill comes due, depend upon it, the Baronet, your father, shall hear nothing of it."

"But supposing I cannot take it up?"

"I will renew it. So, your mind being easy on that score, try and discover for me who forged this note, because forgery is a mean and detestable crime, and ought to be punished."

The young man stammered a few inaudible words.

Then he suddenly recovered his courage.

"Bah!" he said, in a loud, clear voice, and a triumphant glitter in his eyes,—"bah! why do I quake and tremble before you—before you, Morley Bridgenorth, the returned convict, whom I can at any moment deliver up to the police? What if it be a forgery? Present it, accuse me, and I peach upon you!"

Marchmont smiled.

"This is as it should be," he cried. "I know you to be a young scoundrel—a fit son of a scoundrel father—a base, designing mother. I have you in my power now, and there I will keep you. I hold not only this bill, but a dark and terrible secret over your head. Utter no threats to me, or I will speak out this secret to the world, and you shall be driven in shame and disgrace from the home you now call your own. Sooner or later this flight must be. For a time, however, you may continue to enjoy what is not yours. Until the end of that time, let me not hear of you again."

The young reprobate was cowed down once more.

The solemn words, and the solemn manner of Colonel Marchmont, impressed him with a sense of danger.

"And when this bill comes due, to what place am I to send to you?" he asked, as he rose to take his leave.

"A letter will find me here," said the Colonel. "Good evening."

He bowed him out, rang the bell for the servant, and resumed his seat. The folding doors of the drawing room then opened, and Wrexfield entered.

"Did you hear our conversation?" said the Colonel, smiling.

"Yes, I did."

"What do you think of him as a specimen of a newly-fledged reprobate?"

"Well," said the thief, sententiously, "he may be all very well for a forger; but he's not gentleman enough to be a robber."

As we have said, Henri le Morneaut was now about twenty-one years of age. At the time of the above conversation he wanted just a fortnight to arrive at his majority; and at Carew House preparations were being made on a grand scale to celebrate the coming of age of the reputed heir of the Carews; for as heir he was regarded by every one. Most people knew of the extraordinary will made by the old Baronet; but all believed Alice Wentworth Carew to be dead. Things had changed at Carew House. Time had silvered the locks of Sir Mordaunt Carew; and as Henri had told the Colonel, the old man could scarcely move about without the assistance of crutches. Lady Carew was still beautiful. She had married her first husband at sixteen, and though her son was now coming of age, she was but thirty-eight herself. Her tresses were golden still, her eyes were undimmed; and though her form was more maturely moulded, yet her grace was unimpaired. But her manners were changed.

Ever since the disappearance of Wentworth Carew, Sir Mordaunt had been reserved and sad. Without forming in his mind any positive accusation against Lady Carew, he yet felt that his brother had been unjustly condemned, and therefore unjustly accused.

Whether or not the accusation was a premeditated scheme for destroying him he could not say, nor did he indeed like to trust himself to inquire; but certain he was that Wentworth was innocent. In the face of this sorrow, Lady Carew was no comforter. Instead of consoling, she made his grief more bitter—her presence seemed to revive it in the Baronet's mind. She was no longer the petted, courted wife. Sir Mordaunt loved her still. Old men always do love beautiful, child-like women, who are their opposites, and who are like props to their age. But he idolized her no longer. It was no longer of any use to throw herself on her knees, and weep, and cast up her bright, child-like glances into his face.

These tricks of love had lost all their charm. He no longer cared for them. Not that he saw through their artfulness, but he had been rendered petulant and morbid by grief. But when years had gone by, and Alice Wentworth Carew was nowhere to be found; when he had lost all hope in life, and when Lady Constance called upon him to welcome the majority of her son, he felt bound to acquiesce in all her little schemes, and to cast off for a time the lethargy of sorrow.

"I had a son once," thought he; "I wonder whether he lives, and if he lives, how he spent the day of *his* majority."

So he entered with apparent heartiness into Lady Carew's plans.

The old house was done up. Gardeners were busy in the grounds; the lakes were cleared; the trees trimmed; lamps were studded here and there, and everywhere through the branches; and when the night of the gala came, the mansion and its grounds were one blaze of light. Into the grounds a large number of the neighbors were admitted, as also a band of gipsies, whose fortune-telling was believed in at that period to an infatuated extent.

A frosty night is not one which invites many persons into grounds, however beautiful; and though many a fair-haired damsel and loving swain glanced at the lights admiringly, and at the wandering neighbors pityingly, few ventured out. The gala was, however, to last three days, and the grounds were reserved for morning excursions.

It was on the first evening, when Henri was seated near one of the large windows, that the Baronet, his step-father, approached him. Henri was in his glory. His vain, vulgar mind was delighted at the idea of being the centre of attraction, especially the centre of attraction to a number of pretty and young girls.

Round him were grouped in various attitudes the beauties of the ball-room, clad in the voluptuous undress which was more in vogue at that period than at the present day.

Near him sat a girl of some nineteen summers, with long dark curls floating over a neck and bust of marble whiteness; a low dress edged with gauze, scarcely concealing the gently-developed bosom; the soft, round arms tinged with the warm blood of youthful life; her eyes kindled by the excitement of an animated conversation.

Henri, as I have said, while gazing at this being of beauty and purity—while breathing in this atmosphere perfumed with flowers and the breath of charming women—was just in his element, and was somewhat displeased when aroused from his dream of pleasure by the approach of the Baronet and a friend. He was not, however, sufficiently ill-bred to permit his vexation to be seen.

The new comer was apparently a man of some fifty years or more. His head was nearly bald, but where it was not bald it was covered with white hair, while a beard and moustache of the same snowy hue nearly concealed his features. The Baronet was leaning painfully on his arm; near him walked Lady Carew.

"I am sorry," said Sir Mordaunt, glancing round gallantly at the bevy of young ladies—"I am sorry to take you, even for a moment, from such delightful company, but my friend here, Colonel Marchmont, is anxious to be introduced to you, Henri."

Henri le Morneaut disengaged himself with an affected simper from the cloud of muslin, and approached his father.

"Colonel Marchmont, my stepson, Mr. Henri le Morneaut," said the Baronet. "Henri, this is Colonel Marchmont, an old and dear friend of mine."

Henri turned visibly pale as he returned the Colonel's stiff, soldier-like bow. Where had he seen that broad, furrowed brow? Where had he seen those bright, glittering, meaning eyes? Where, too, had he heard that sonorous voice, which now said, "Le Morneaut!—that is a name which seems familiar to me! Henri le Morneaut, too!—'tis the very name!"

"Indeed!" answered the Baronet. "Had you a friend of that name?"

"No," returned Colonel Marchmont, evasively, "he was not a friend of mine. I met him casually in Australia."

Lady Carew was listening eagerly.

"Pray tell me all about him," said the Marquis. "Who knows but he may be some friend, or even relation, of Lady Constance?"

"Oh, I knew very little of him," cried the Colonel. "I should be very sorry indeed to have been a friend of his. He was a felon—some French fellow who took the name, perhaps, to cover a host of crimes. But come, Sir Mordaunt, we will allow the young gentleman to return to that bright-eyed group; then I will lead you to the divan, and afterwards I must positively insist upon Lady Carew showing me that delightful conservatory where the roses are blooming all the year round."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

"This is a most beautiful spot," said the Colonel, as he led Lady Constance into the Conservatory, and stood gazing round as she sank upon a velvet ottoman.

"It is—we take great pride in it," returned Lady Constance.

Then there was an awkward pause.

"I heard you speaking to Sir Mordaunt of one Henri le Morneaut," said the lady after a few moments.

"Yes."

"Can you give me any information about him?" she asked.

"I can."

"I should take it as a great favor if you would," reiterated the lady, who saw in his reticence nothing but politeness. "Felon as he was, I fancy he may have been some relation of mine."

The Colonel smiled.

"That is scarcely likely," he said, "yet I will tell you all I know. Henri le Morneaut was a native of Provence; he was a smart, handsome youth, and a great favorite among his associates. He received from his father an excellent education and a hundred a year; and imagining that with this and his face he held a fortune, he came to England and set himself to catch an heiress. A bold follow, was he not?"

"Yes, indeed," murmured Lady Carew uneasily.

"Well, he came, as I have said, to England, settled himself in obscure lodgings in London, and by dint of extreme economy continued to appear in public with invariably proper costume. But in spite of his fascinating deportment, he failed signally, and found himself at the end of a year, half starved and hopeless."

"He was to be pitied," murmured Lady Constance.

"He was; but this man would have been angry with you had you pitied him. Resolved not to be baffled, he sold his annuity, realized a decent sum of money, and began to cut a dash. One day, in riding through the Park, he saw a girl riding in a carriage with an elderly lady. She was very beautiful, and he fell in love at first sight."

Lady Carew fanned herself vehemently.

"Bless me!" she said, "you are telling me quite a romantic story."

"Perhaps I am offending!" exclaimed the Colonel; "if so, I will at once conclude."

"Nay, Colonel," cried Lady Constance, smiling, "I am deeply interested. Pray continue."

"Well, as I have said," continued Colonel Marchmont, "Henri le Morneaut fell in love with this girl and followed the carriage. He ascertained where she resided, and resolved to contrive some scheme which would obtain him an interview. Fortune favored him. On the next day the young girl—whose name he discovered to be Constance Herbert—left London with her mother, and went to the sea-side—to Deepwater, I believe, then a favorite watering-place. He saw them leave the house, and in the enthusiasm of his new passion, booked himself by the same coach."

"Quite a romance!"

"Yes, indeed! On the journey they became better acquainted, for they were the only inside passengers, and Henri succeeded so well in his attempts to ingratiate himself with them, that ere they reached the journey's end he had received an invitation to visit them at their house at Deepwater. Henri had wisely imagined that a title would be no drawback to him, and accordingly represented himself as Count Henri le Morneaut. Constance was fascinated—her mother regarded him as a rich nobleman, and so parties were satisfied."

"Very easily, apparently."

"Very. They were recalled to London by the intelligence that Mr. Herbert was dangerously ill. Mr. Herbert was a wealthy merchant in the city—so at least people called him—and Henri was agreeably surprised to find that the girl, who would certainly bring a crown of beauty to him, would also bring a crown of gold. Mr. Herbert received him kindly, expressed his satisfaction at the offer Henri made his daughter, and so things went on for a time. Mr. Herbert recovered his health partially, and expressed a desire to see his daughter married before his death."

"Fatal hurry!" muttered Lady Carew.

The Colonel smiled.

"You seem interested," he said.

"I am—very."

"Well, it was a foolish hurry," resumed Marchmont; "however, so Mr. Herbert determined, and the marriage accordingly took place. With almost the last money he possessed, Henri furnished a house and took thither his blushing and beautiful bride. A few weeks after their union Mr. Herbert again fell ill, and the doctors pronounced his case hopeless. There had been no marriage settlements, but Henri felt far from uneasy. Constance was the sole heiress. The absence—long prolonged—of Mr. Herbert from his business had resulted in a perplexity in his affairs; an inquiry was instituted, and the house of Herbert & Co. was found to have been bankrupt for some years. There was a great hubbub about it, people grumbled about it and made dire threats, but Mr. Herbert was safe—ill in bed. And amidst all this disturbance he died, declaring that he died at peace with all the world."

The Colonel paused.

Lady Carew was deadly pale.

EDWIN FORREST—The Great American Tragedian. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

"I am afraid I am wearying you," cried Marchmont.

"No," repeated she, petulantly. "I have several times said I am interested. Pray go on."

"I will, then," he answered, "and about this part of his life I will be as brief as I can.

"Henri was naturally terrified as well as disgusted, and even gave vent to his anger in no very gentle expressions; when Constance, seeing his disappointment, threw her arms round his neck, crying, 'As my father has left me nothing, dearest Henri, let us be thankful we have your private fortune.'

"He put her away roughly.

"'You make a great error,' he cried; 'your father has left you something—he has left you your mother.'

"He was right.

"Not only had Mr. Herbert deceived him as to his fortune, but he had left Mrs. Herbert entirely without support; and the good lady being without friends, quietly planted herself on her daughter.

"For a few weeks matters went on all very well; but at length money being exhausted, Henri had to set his wits to work to obtain more.

"This he did.

"How, he for a long time refused to explain; until, at length, the police awkwardly explained it for him.

"He was found with loaded dice in his possession; and evidence was adduced which convinced most people that he had strangled a man to obtain them, and to stop his mouth.

"The jury, however, gave him the benefit of the doubt, and he was transported for life."

Lady Carew breathed more freely.

The recollection of this seemed to afford her relief.

"This, you may think," pursued Marchmont, "was satisfactory to Mrs. le Morneaut, as it must have been a relief to her to be freed from so consummate a rascal. But, unfortunately, prisons, like other houses, are fastened by bars and bolts, and all places secured by bars and bolts are subject to escapes."

"Did he escape, then?" asked Lady Carew, hastily.

"He did, madam," said the Colonel; "after twenty years he succeeded, and after many struggles and privations he has reached London."

Lady Carew was now pale and speechless.

Evidently the Colonel's recital *did* interest her greatly.

"He is in London, you say?" she murmured.

"Yes, he is; and is far from being in immediate want."

"How, then, does he get money?"

"I know not. I apprehend he saved money by working at his trade in the penal settlement, or completed a comfortable robbery before leaving Australia. At any rate, he has money, and when it is spent, intends to apply for more to his wife."

"She lives, then, still?" gasped Lady Carew.

"She does."

"Is she wealthy?"

"Very."

"And who and what is she now?"

"She is the supposed wife of an honorable man, and her title is Constance, Lady Carew."

The golden curls drooped for a moment over a heaving, panting bosom, which seemed as if the filmsy gauze was too tight to contain it.

Then Lady Carew looked up.

"Colonel," she said, "you know my secret. It would be folly to deny it. But tell me, are you a man of honor, willing to screen me; or are you an enemy I must dread?"

Colonel Marchmont was evidently unprepared for this appeal.

and, walking to the window, but he uttered no sound,

Lady Carew rose and approached, looking out upon the night.

She grasped his arm tightly, and looked [illegible] face with one of her bright, meaning glances.

"I, Marchmont," she cried, "you surely would not betray"

"I know not; but say, at least, [illegible] why should I?"

nothing to fear."

"Madam," returned the Colonel, "it is not I you have to fear; but your husband. I cannot promise you safety. I have told you he lives. I now warn you of his coming. I am no friend of his. I met him accidentally, learned his story, and came back from Australia with him."

"Knowing he was a convict?"

The Colonel smiled.

"I am a peculiar man," he said, "and make strange acquaintances. Fortune brought me into acquaintance with two other convicts, one named Mark Durant, the other, Wentworth Carew, your ladyship's brother-in-law."

"Does he live still?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, madam, he is dead!" returned the Colonel with some emotion.

"And Mark Durant—what of him?"

"He is in London."

"Is his wife with him?"

"No, she is dead."

"And the child?"

"She lives. It is to find her I am here."

Lady Carew started back, aghast.

"Who, then are you?" she gasped.

"I am the friend of an innocent man," he said. "With his dying breath, Wentworth Carew asked of me this sacrifice. I heard his story. I heard the story of Henri le Morneaut and that of Mark Durant. I put the three together, and with the power and right of command which my knowledge gives me, I come to say to you, Lady Constance Carew, restore to Wentworth Carew his fair fame, for though he be dead, his fame is his daughter's."

"She is dead also!" cried Constance.

The Colonel started.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, vehemently, "she is *not* dead—she is *not* dead; and in her name I demand justice for her father! If it be not rendered—no matter at what sacrifice—heaven's justice shall fall on you, Lady Carew; for a convict's lawful wife can never find a home with Sir Mordaunt Carew!"

With these words he opened the door of the conservatory, passed out on the terrace, and into the grounds.

Lady Carew sat down in a hot tremor on the ottoman. Then, starting up, and unheeding the perspiration which stood in beads on her brow and on her bare neck and bosom, she rushed out into the cold night air after the man who seemed to hold her fate in his hands. But he was nowhere to be seen. The air had now cooled his brow; the walk in the grounds had enabled him to recover the serenity of his features, and he was at that moment in the drawing-room, engaged in an animated conversation with a French gentleman, of peculiar aspect, whom he had introduced to Sir Mordaunt Carew some few days before. Lady Carew entered the drawing-room, pale and chilled, and sat down by her husband, in a recess where he had stationed himself to watch the dancers.

He passed his arm round her neck.

"Bless me, Constance," he cried, "you are as cold as ice, and you are pale, too! Call the servant, and let him bring you some wine. What is the matter?"

Lady Carew laid her white hand gently on his arm.

"I shall be better directly," she said. "I have been asleep in the conservatory, and had a terrible dream."

"What was it?"

"I dreamed, dear husband, that you were taken from me."

Sir Mordaunt smiled.

"That will come true some day," he said, sadly, "for I am growing old."

"You will never leave me, no matter what happens, will you?" she cried, wildly.

"Leave you—no, Constance," said the old man, with more than usual tenderness in his voice. "What *could* happen to make me think of leaving you?"

On the following morning the guests (who had not kept up the dance to any very late hour), spread themselves over the grounds.

The winter seemed already to be yielding to spring.

The snow and frost had disappeared, and a bright sun cast a cheerful and genial warmth over all things.

Colonel Marchmont mingled little with the gay throngs which went hither and thither over the crisp ground. He had much to think of—much to dream of—much to bewilder and perplex him.

Attracted, however, by a bright light down in a hollow, just at the extreme end of the great park, he approached, and stood in mute admiration of the scene before him.

A band of gipsies had, as I have said, been allowed access to the park, and here, in this hollow, they were preparing their morning meal. A rough lot they seemed. Here an old woman, with brown and wrinkled face, here a dark-eyed maid, here a rough and coarse-looking fellow, the very picture of a rustic house-breaker.

Standing up near a tree at the very edge of the hollow, was a young girl whose summers might have numbered eighteen. She appeared different in form and feature to those around. She was of middle height, with fair hair and blue eyes. Her dress was rude, and worn, and rough, like that of her companions; but it sat on her with a peculiar grace.

Her petticoat was short, and showed a well-turned ankle, and a pretty foot, in a pretty boot, be it said, while others' feet were bare; a shawl was drawn over her shoulders, but the breast it but half-concealed was not brown like the breasts of her sisters around her; neither was the face, which the sun had but slightly tinged. She was evidently an English girl.

Near her was a tall, well-built fellow, who was also evidently of English origin, but who had scarcely been dealt so pleasantly with by the hot suns of summer and the rude storms of winter. He appeared about five or six-and-thirty, though he might, perhaps, have been older. It is difficult to tell the ages of such men. Time hardens them, but it does not destroy; and often, when a certain age is passed, they seem to become no older.

The approach of the Colonel roused the pair from their conversation, and the girl, darting forward with an arch smile, said, "Shall I tell your fortune, sir?"

The Colonel smiled, and patted her head.

"Do you think you can?" he said.

"Yes, sir, I will, if you cross my hand with silver."

"But you are not a gipsy?"

The girl flushed.

"I understand the stars," she answered.

The Colonel placed a gold piece in her hand saying, "Well, well! for the sake of your pretty eyes, I will let you tell my fortune."

The male gipsy approached with a bow which would have done honor to a king.

"You need not fear, Colonel Marchmont," he said; "if she discovers any secret of yours, she will not betray you."

The Colonel started.

"I fear nothing of the sort," he said impatiently. "I believe not in the fortune-telling art. I asked her but for amusement, and the chance the interview gives me of gazing at her pretty face."

The gipsy seemed displeased.

"Be quick, Cora!" he said. "Tell the gentleman's fortune, and let him go."

The girl had been carefully examining his palm.

"You are not what you seem," she said in a low, musical voice.

The Colonel trembled.

Was she about to betray him?

"What am I, then?" he asked.

"I cannot tell. You are seeking something which you will find."

"Will it give me joy or agony?" he cried eagerly.

A mocking laugh answered.

It was from the male gipsy.

"I thought you believed not in our art!" he said.

The Colonel answered not.

The girl dropped his hand.

"It will bring you sorrow, but in the end great joy," she said. "I will seek no further."

Colonel Marchmont paused a moment.

"And how did you know my name?" he said, addressing the man.

"From the servants," said he laughing. "It was no spirit that told me."

The Colonel said no more, but moved away quickly. Something in the girl's face and form seemed to attract him. Who was she? How came she among the gipsies?

He stopped presently, and glanced round.

A rustle amid the branches attracted him.

The gipsy girl emerged from the trees, and was met by a young man, who clasped her in his arms.

It was Henri le Morneaut.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LATER FOREIGN SPORTS.

RENEWED FIGHT BETWEEN PREW AND TRUCKLE.

These metropolitan novices met on April 26th, in the London district, to fight for £5 a-side, at catch weight, and contended for thirty-eight rounds in 1 hour 28 min., in two rings, much in favor of Prew, when the police put in an appearance, and the referee, finding it impossible to bring off the mill satisfactorily, ordered them back to London. After some deliberation, the referee ordered the men to meet at midday on the 27th, the man not prepared to go to forfeit all claim to the money. Both men, however, duly kept the appointment. The usual route, due east, was taken, and a well-known locality again reached, and soon everything was in perfect trim for the renewal of hostilities. Prew, as lively as a kitten, was the first to enter the ring. Truckle was soon after him, his looks expressing great determination, but with a perfect appreciation of the task he had before him. No time was wasted in completing the toilets of the lads, and at nine minutes to two p. m. they shook hands and commenced the renewal of the mill. Prew, when he faced his man, smiled confidently, and, beyond having both eyes in mourning, was apparently scathless from the previous day's punishment. Truckle had both eyes discolored, his forehead with several little cuts here and there, and his chest marked with bruises. Very little sparring before they got at it; they countered very prettily with the right. Truckle barking Prew's forehead, and the latter nose-ending his. They sparred for an opening, and both broke ground very neatly. Truckle parried these straight and well-delivered left-handers of Prew's. The latter would not be denied, and tried to put on a right-handed cross-counter, but Truckle countered ex- [illegible] right, in few got lighting, and [illegible] with the left on the forehead, and, as Truckle's right hand was hurt and much swollen. Prew [illegible] work and fought him down. The fighting on to his back by a rounds was much in favour. In the fifth round, Truckle, with ended the fray, tried all he knew to turn the balance of the battle in his favor, but was knocked back when he attempted to close. He, however, persevered, and managed to close at the ropes, where they were very busy with both hands, until poor Truckle was fought down, after he had increased the damage to his crippled hand by hitting the middle stake instead of Prew's head. The sixth and seventh rounds were much in Prew's favor, and it was patent the battle was nearly "all his own," as he fought Truckle down at the ropes. The alarm that police were in the way was verified by their appearance, when the combatants left the ring, after they had been together 19 min. The referee named an adjacent spot, and no time was lost in preparations, for they were ready to renew the battle at two minutes to three. Prew had his left eye swollen, but was not much hurt otherwise, while Truckle had his eyes going up, and both hands puffed to such an extent that they were comparatively harmless in administering punishment. There were two rounds only fought in the second ring, the first of them lasting 12 min., but Prew had much the advantage of the hitting, while Truckle was much the stronger in muscular power, which was apparently undiminished, as he threw Prew prettily in the eighth round. In the ninth and last round, Prew visited Truckle's body three times, being countered on the forehead and cheek, but the latter blows ware harmless. Prew followed Truckle to the ropes, where he again dashed his left on the mark heavily, and repeated the dose on the chest, staggering his man. Truckle walked to his corner, and said he could right no more from the state of his hands; which actually hurt him more when he hit than the blow did his opponent; and, finding he could make no impression on Prew, he wisely gave in, after contesting most gamely altogether on Wednesday 34½ min. in the two rings. Prew, after shaking hands with his fallen antagonist, soon dressed, and, side by side with Truckle, witnessed the fight between Morris and Pullen.

HARRY MORRIS AND FRANK PULLEN FIGHT FOR £10, AT CATCH-WEIGHT.—As soon as the ring could be cleared and the ropes tightened, the actors in the next battle took their places, and, from the eagerness of the partisans of the men, something out of the way in fistic tourneys was expected to take place. Harry Morris is twenty-five years of age, 5ft. 5in. in height, and weighed about 10st. 10lb. The present made the fifth time he has entered the ring, the previous battles having been with Redwood, Smokey Bishop, Mucker Collins, and Jerry Hawkes, being beaten by the latter. Francis Pullen is thirty-one years of age, 5ft. 5½in. in height, and weighed on Wednesday about 10st. He had never previously fought in the ring, although his courage has been thoroughly tested by many an off-hand turn-up. Both had good and useful members of the P. R. for seconds, one of Morris's previous antagonists this time handling him. Morris won the toss for choice of corners, and placed himself with his back to the wind. The betting was level, and at twenty-five minutes to four P. M., everything having been arranged, they commenced the first round. Some very hurried sparring was put an end to by Pullen dashing to close quarters, when the exchanges were of a heavy character until Pullen fought Morris down. From the second round, Pullen forced the fighting all through, and the exchanges sounded round the ring. Pullen was the stronger, as well as the heavier man, and his right-hand deliveries were very dangerous, which was verified when he landed a terrific shot on the neck, that floored Morris instanter. This blow was a caution to Morris, who fought very carefully, and from time to time received anything but praise from the Pullen division, in consequence of his rambling propensities. Up to the fifteenth round, Pullen's weight and strength had given him a great advantage, but Morris by that time had steadied himself, and planted several left-handed shots on Pullen's face, cutting the check-bone, and "drawing" from the nose, &c. The description of the rounds would be tedious, as they were of a precisely similar character throughout. Pullen tried to land his right, and to force a close, but Morris would not have it," for after dashing one or more left-handers on the old sore spots, he invariably fell to avoid being thrown. Pullen was now gradually getting blind; the right eye was nearly up, and the victory of Morris was almost a certainty, unless Pullen was able to bring off a right hander, or otherwise knock Morris out of time, before Pullen was in total darkness. The latter, with thorough gameness, did all he knew, and from time to time staggered Morris with his right, but did not manage to reach the right place. When forty-eight rounds had been fought—in one hour—Pullen rushed at Morris, who ran round the ring, followed by Frank catching him at the ropes, and getting on a stinging right-hander before Morris fell. In the fifty-eighth round, Morris fell so suspiciously that, on an appeal being made, the referee cautioned him. In all, sixty-nine rounds were fought, when the seconds of Pullen, finding that he had no chance, and was nearly blinded, judiciously gave in for him, and Morris, who was scarcely marked at all, was declared the winner, after fighting 1 hour 30 min.

MACE VS. COBURN.—The Britishers evidently take it for granted that the great pugilistic match between these gladiators is riveted and clinched. In alluding to it, the *Illustrated News* of April 30th thus speaks:—"Mace is still in Ireland, taking engagement after engagement to the high gratification of all parties. Coburn, by latest advices, has been creating a sensation in Boston (America). There has been a foolish *canard* propagated in New York as to Jem Heenan having returned to the (*very-united*) States for the express purpose of fighting Coburn—the former acting a trial for his brother John Carmel Heenan. Nothing can be more ridiculous, as the match is fairly on with Joe and Jem Mace. In regard to Coburn, we inserted a letter from James Haddon, dated Enniskillen, 10th March, 1864, making certain specified allusions to Coburn's extraction. The New York CLIPPER (much improved in all respects) quotes this said letter, and adds, at the request of Coburn, that he is not, nor never was an Orangeman; neither is he a descendant of one of Albion's sturdy sons who crossed the Channel with the hero of the Battle of the Boyne, as he can prove indisputably. As a matter of course, we are not answerable for the opinions of our correspondents, although we invariably allow them a space in our paper to give expression to their thoughts upon any given subject. At the same time, it is only fitting that if James Haddon has been the means of disseminating untruths that he should publicly retract them, and that, too, in the paper wherein such statements were made. We are bound to say this both in justice to ourselves and to Coburn, against whom we should be extremely sorry to utter a derogatory remark. Let Haddon communicate to us immediately on the subject, and have no reservation. Fair play should always be observed in these matters, and shall be as long as we can enforce the same. The man ought not to be heralded across the Atlantic with a stigma calculated to prejudice him in the eyes of any man; and so let Haddon explain. Coburn is 5ft. 9in."

THE HEENAN AND KING AFFAIR—THE MYSTERY NOT YET CLEARED UP.—The mystery with regard to this affair has not yet been cleared up; and it is singular to observe that with a full knowledge of all that is being said and written on the subject, the Benicia Boy still holds aloof from any possible explanation. We are not alone in our opinion that his silence is as thoroughly unwarrantable as it is unaccountable. Macdonald's explanation has been candidly and honorably given, and it is quite clear he is exonerated from blame. Let the truth be told, and the saddle put upon the right horse. Heenan was at Newmarket during the races, looking somewhat better in regard to health than he has been of late. King was fined half a sovereign at Worcester, on Monday, for an assault upon an Irishman named Murphy. He is traveling with Ginnett's Circus; and is, pecuniarily speaking, doing well.—*Ill. Sport. News, April 30.*

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

WINONA.—1. In playing the French Carom Game at Billiards, it is not necessary, in caroming, for the player's ball to touch a cushion to be entitled to a count. A clear carom, without touching the cushion, counts. 2. The English Game of Billiards is played with three balls, one red and two white, and the score is made by carons, and pocketing either of the balls, including the cue ball. For a more full explanation, get "A Manual of the Game of Billiards" by Michael Phelan, published by Appleton & Co. 3. The regular or full American game consists of caroms and pockets, saving pocketing your own ball. The American carom game, as its title indicates, consists only of caroms.

GREENWAY, Springfield, Ill.—1. Wilmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets. 2. Although Harry Orme beat Nat Langham and Nat Langham beat Tom Sayers, he, Orme has not got the reputation of either Langham or Sayers. 3. 117 rounds were fought between Langham and Orme in 2h. 56 min., May 6, 1851. 4. Alec Keene has figured six times in the ring; beat Bill Cain, 59r., 61m., Dec. 17, 1846; beat Joe Phelps, 119r., 2h. 45m., Dec. 6, 1847; beat Young Sambo, 6r. 19m., June 20, 1848; beat Bill Hayes, 45r., 1h. 25m., Sept. 3, 1850; beaten by Young Greek, 55r. 85m., April 30, 1844; beaten by Jack Grant, 46r. 65m., Oct. 16, 1849.

S. M., Ballston Spa.—1. In the game of draw in dominoes, if the game is blocked, for instance 5 on each end and there are dominoes to draw from, is No. 2 obliged to draw the remaining cards after No. 1 has blocked it up and all five played out. 2. In muggins if No. 1 has blocked up the game is No. 2 obliged to draw from the remaining cards if all the fives are played?".....He can either draw all the remaining cards, or to save time, turn and count them at once; it amounts to the same thing. This answers both questions.

MONARCH.—Alluding to our reply to Intus, Philadelphia, a correspondent "Kentucky" writing from Toronto, says:—"Monarch was purchased by Messrs. Rebér and Kutz, of Lancaster, Ohio, and, if living, is still owned by them. He was regularly exhibited by those gentlemen at the Ohio Fairs of 1852-3 and 1854, and took the first premium."

GEO. STUART, Hilton Head, S. C.—A new set of pins and balls for four bowling alleys, will cost you $142, without any spare balls. We know of a party, however, who has a full rig for four alleys, the pins of which have never been used, and the balls are in good condition, which he will dispose of for $75, freight not included. His address may be learned through the CLIPPER.

CONSTANT READER, Granville, N. Y.—No public statement was ever made by physicians after Heenan's fight with King to the effect that the American was drugged, but a private letter from John to a relative in this city did so state. Heenan "could a tale unfold," etc., if he were so disposed; but why he keeps so silent is a mystery.

WICKET KEEPER, New Haven.—1. A quick eye, steady nerves, and instantaneous cat-like movements of limbs and body are indispensable in good wicket keeping. 2. Lockyer was a model. 3. It is prudent to hit hard with a straight bat and the shoulders well forward, at balls you are sure are not straight on the wicket. Timid batsmen are rarely good ones.

MIKE W., ESQ.—The original Champion of England's belt, which was fought for by Heenan and Sayers, is now in Mace's possession, he having fought and defeated both Hurst and The for the Championship since the Heenan and [illegible] Champ- fight between Heenan and King was not [illegible] and therefore had nothing [illegible] offered to bet a sum of money that, since [illegible] I bet that he would not; the fight was a one; I claim the money. How [illegible] made the passage from New drawn by Liverpool in 13 days, 1 hour, 25 minutes; and the James Baines from Boston to Liverpool in 12 days, 6 hours, so that your friend who bets that it has not been done in less than fifteen days, loses.

DULCIMER PIPES, Nashville, Tenn.—The construction of the sentence you quote is correct in both instances; but the introduction of the preposition "to" after the word "facilitate" in your first proposition, we look upon as being inelegant and therefore to be eschewed.

INQUIRER, Brooklyn.—The opera of "The Bohemian Girl" was performed in your city for the first time by the Harrison Troupe a short time since as their initial performance at the Park Theatre. It has never (to our recollection) been performed at the Academy in your city.

Co. D., 164th N. Y. S. V.—1. B and D each score two points for the Euchre. 2. The stakes are divided between the two, as no one can count until the Euchre is effected. 3. The dealer begins by giving two cards, one at a time, face downwards, to each player, including himself, and lastly to himself.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Fort Adams.—With some players the dealer has the privilege of going alone when his partner assists; with others, he has not. It is best to settle the point before commencing the game.

G. H. S., Providence.—"Decide a bet by stating the fastest time that Ethan Allen has made, either double or single."....Ethan Allen and running mate Socks made a mile in 2:19¾, at the Fashion Course, Sept. 5, 1861.

FRIEND.—The only course for you to pursue is, either to commence as "super," or else take instructions from some of those individuals who prepare beginners for the stage.

STARLIGHT.—1. Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, fought 33 battles, the greatest number on record, all of which were for money. 2. Do you mean trotting or running horses?

T. B., Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—King's height, 6ft. 2½in.; weight, 180 lbs.; Heenan's height, 6ft. 1½in.; weight, 194 lbs.; Sayers' height, 5ft. 8in.; weight, about 154 lbs.

T. W. H., New Orleans.—1. Not at present. 2. No such book in print. 3. No. 4. We cannot undertake to decide who has the best breed of chickens in and around New York.

NORFOLK.—The quickest trotting time on record is, one mile in two minutes nineteen and three-quarter seconds, by Flora Temple.

FOX & CO., Lockport, N. Y.—1. Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion. 2. Please duplicate copy if you wish them inserted.

V. D.—"A and B are throwing dice; A throws 12—and bets B $10 that he will not beat his throw. B throws 12. Does A win the money?".....Yes, as B failed to *beat* 12.

C. H., New Memphis Theatre.—Some one has been using your name, then, without authority. We hardly thought you were on that sort of thing.

J. R. W., Auburn, N. Y.—In playing three handed billiards, American game, sixty-six points should be made by the first hand out.

CRAB SHELLS.—In the Bowery, opposite Stanton street, is a store, we believe, where they manufacture cricketing and base ball shoes.

M. E. M., In the Field.—Your song has not been prepared with sufficient care. We hope you have succeeded in getting out of "the Wilderness."

EDWARD.—Jimmy Elliott, late second for Dooney Harris, did fight Jim Dunn, and Dunn won.

W. S. W., Chicopee, Mass.—Base balls, score books, etc., can be procured by addressing P. J. Cozans, No. 122 Nassau street, N. Y.

BERTIE, Danbury, Conn.—J. E. Green is alive and well, and travelling with the company.

COCKNEY JOE.—Dooney Harris is not, as you suppose, a "Sheeney Bloke," and never was.

WM. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Coburn sailed on the 14th. Will inquire about the rent of 600 and apprize Col. Monstery by mail.

S. G. B. AND FRIENDS OF "OYSTER JACK," Philadelphia.—Can't do it without a deposit.

W. U. C. C., Willimantic, Ct.—1. Address Heinrich & Co., corner of Liberty street and Broadway. 2. Get the Dime Cricket Book.

E. C., Cleveland, O.—The Boy is still one of our "corpse." That number forwarded by last steamer.

E. H. P., Hartford.—He only who orders it up, or makes the trump, has the privilege of going alone.

W. M. S., Quebec.—You could get along with bones, tambo, violin, guitar, double bass, triangle and banjo.

R. H. W., Clinton, Ill.—1. We can send you a book on boxing for 15 cents. 2. Mr. Leslie is at present with Bryants' Minstrels.

W. BARTON, Cincinnati.—Coburn sailed on the 14th. See notice in another column.

NEVILLE, Grand Rapids.—Paul De Spotte can furnish you with anything you require in that line.

NOBODY.—The race horses in England are faster than ours, but in trotting we are far ahead of them.

HONESTY, Washington.—Why not give us the names, so that we can judge? All are not alike.

PLAZA, Philadelphia.—Con Orem was swindled out of his wrestling match at Washington.

W. MILLER, Putnam B. B. Club.—We have a letter for you.

P. J. C., Chicago.—The elder Booth was their father.

AGENT.—Coburn's benefit was the more largely attended.

ANOTHER MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICAN WATERS.

HAMILL'S FRESH PROPOSITION.

Ward Accepts and will Meet the Champion at Pittsburgh.

WE are glad to be able to state that Joshua Ward has concluded to row Hamill a race at Pittsburgh, and we have every reason to believe that terms will be at once agreed upon, and articles of agreement signed. On the 16th inst., we received the following letter from James Hamill, by which it will be seen that he insists on some of his challengers rowing him on Pittsburgh waters. Read the letter:

PITTSBURGH, May 13th, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER:—In reply to the various challenges issued by Messrs. Joshua Ward and W. Stevens, I would state that in my previous races I have always left home, but will not do so again until some of them evince a like accommodating disposition. I will row either of them here, at Pittsburgh, a five mile race, for $500 or $1000 a side, between the 20th of July and 1st of August. If the race is for $500 a side, I will give $100 for expenses; if for $1000 a side, I will give $200 for expenses. These are the only terms upon which I will row either of them, and it remains open for acceptance until the 25th of this month. Respectfully yours, JAMES HAMILL.

We at once communicated with Mr. Ward, through his representatives, and before going to press received the following response from Mr. Ward. He agrees to go to Pittsburgh, and proposes to row the latter part of June or early in July.

MR. QUEEN—EDITOR OF THE N. Y. CLIPPER.—In reply to Mr. Hamill's last proposition, I will state that he does not answer my communication in regard to his own offer to row a match for the Championship on neutral waters, on which issue I should have preferred meeting him. He also stated that if one hundred dollars was not sufficient for expenses, he would increase the sum to one hundred and fifty dollars; but I will waive these questions, as I wish to get to business. I therefore accept of his proposition for a race at Pittsburgh. I claim the privilege of selecting a place on water in the vicinity of Pittsburgh for the race, as I am totally unacquainted with the entire locality. This, with some other matters, such as leaving out the left hand turn—as I have always given him his choice in this particular, I now ask that he return the favor by giving me my choice on this occasion—I will row him about the last of June, or in the early part of July; and if there be much of a current at the place selected for the race, I claim the privilege of starting with or against the stream. On Mr. Hamill agreeing to these conditions, and signifying the same to Mr. Queen—who shall be stakeholder—at as early a moment as possible, I will immediately sign Articles and put up my half of the stakes as a forfeit. With respect,

JOSHUA WARD.

OFF FOR IRELAND.

ON Saturday, May 14th, Joe Coburn, Champion of America, sailed in the steamer City of Washington for England, where, on his arrival, he will at once sign articles for a match with Jem Mace, Champion of England. This proposed match has already created an unusual degree of interest in sporting circles, but now that the American representative has taken his departure from our shores, this interest will greatly increase, and there will be much anxiety to hear of his arrival out, and of his movements after reaching the old country. This news they may rely upon receiving through the medium of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, and as we have always given the earliest and the most trustworthy reports of all important sporting events, so will we continue to do in regard to the extraordinary match in which the two champions are to figure so prominently. Coburn has secured that excellect trainer and careful manager, Jas. Cusick, and also the services of the Brooklyn wonder, Jas. Dunn, a clever boxer and gentlemanly companion; both of whom sailed in the same vessel with Coburn. In a match of this kind, it is difficult to find friends to stand a trifle in the main stake, for it is presumed that the chances are against a man who fights in a strange country; so Coburn has had to work pretty hard to make both ends meet. We received a letter from a gentleman on the 14th, in which the writer assures us that he will send us, within thirty days, $500 for Coburn, which sum, when received, we will at once remit to Coburn. It must be borne in mind that with the stake money, passage money for himself and trainers, expenses in training, etc., a pretty large sum is necessary, but when to this is added the [illegible] readers will see [illegible] will count up very heavy. We believe both men desire that the match should be carried on without that bitter feeling which [illegible] sometimes exhibited by our representative in travelling [illegible] thousand miles to meet the British Champion, we claim for him fair play, at least. In the first international match—that between Heenan and Sayers—the fight was broken up by the mob; in the second event, Heenan was beaten, but whether through his own connivance or the treachery of those around him, we are unable to say. Let us hope, therefore, that the third—the important match between Mace and Coburn—will be settled according to the merits of the men, without wrangling, breaking in the ring, or any of those disgraceful games which have of late years brought the P. R. into such disrepute. The fight will take place in Ireland, and the countrymen of the famous Dan Donnelly will no doubt see that no unfair influences are brought to bear to defeat the Irish-American. Joe should reach London in ample time to fulfil his promise to meet Mace to sign articles, on the 31st of May. See our Ring department for account of Coburn's farewell exhibition, and of his departure on the 14th.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE.—*Fastest Time on Record.*—In another column we give an account of a foot race which recently took place in England, in which the winner ran a mile in the extraordinary time of *four minutes twenty and a half seconds*, being the fastest time ever made in running that distance. It was a well-contested race, and the loser made a great effort to secure the prize, but his stamina was not sufficient to enable him to keep up the degree of speed required, and his plucky little opponent passed him, and reached the goal in advance. Gradually, the foot runners of England are cutting down the seconds, and approaching the four minute gait. Stand aside.

THE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB of Utica N. Y. held their annual meeting on the evening of the 5th inst., and elected the following named gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year:—President, A. J. Lathrop; Vice Presidents, S. Y. Lane, and Erastus Z. Wright; Secretary, William M. Storrs; Treasurer, William C. Colling; Attorney, J. T. Spriggs. The delegates to the Sportsmen's State Convention, to be held in this city on June 7th, were then balloted for, resulting in the choice of C. W. Hutchinson, S. Y. Lane, W. Calverly, W. C. Colling, and J. N. Swits. Among the resolutions adopted was one calling on the people of the country to notify the Club's Attorney of violations of the game laws, which, it is hoped, will be generally heeded.

PHILADELPHIA SANITARY FAIR.—Every arrangement is being made to make this Fair one of the most brilliant exhibitions ever given in this country; it promises to surpass the recent Fair held in this city. Railroad companies, organizations of various kinds, mechanics, storekeepers, and people of high and low degree, are giving one day's income toward the general fund. The price of season tickets has been fixed at five dollars, but these will not admit holders to the opening ceremonies, a separate charge of two dollars being made for that day. After the opening, single tickets will be sold at 50 cents each. The Fair opens early in June; the buildings are now nearly completed.

CURIOUS.—One of our cotemporaries has been laboring very hard to prove that Jack McDonald dosed Heenan. Its last effort was made on the strength (?) of what "three pugilists" said—three pugilists who were in this country when the contest took place, and who, therefore, could know nothing at all about it except what they may have had read to them from the papers. McDonald will treat all such puerile attempts to destroy him with contempt. He has already made his innocence much clearer than other parties interested have made theirs.

DRINKS.—The hotel keepers of Philadelphia have agreed to charge ten cents per glass for "beverages," excepting ale and lager beer, which will be sold for six cents per glass.

THE TURF.

TROTTING CONTESTS were quite prolific last week, both on the Union and Fashion Courses. The first was a match between two road horses, owned respectively in Westchester County and Harlem, for $250 a side, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, over the Fashion Course. Sam and Billy were the names of the competing animals; the former a grey gelding, owned by Mr. Alexander Elliott, of Westchester, and driven by John Crooks; and the latter a bay gelding, belonging to Mr. Helms, of Harlem; the well-known horseman, John Lovett, held the reins over him. The attendance was large, and the course in beautiful condition until after the second heat, when a heavy thunder shower rendered the going heavy and slippery. In the city, a good deal of money had been invested on even terms, but on our arrival at the track we found the disposition to back the grey gelding so general, that after $50 to $30 had been laid several times, $50 to $20 was easily obtainable.

First Heat.—After two unsuccessful essays, they got the word at the third trial, an excellent start being effected. They kept well together around the turn, when the grey breaking, allowed Billy to take the lead of half a length, which he kept to the quarter pole, in 45 seconds. On the back stretch, the grey out-trotting the other, went up and passed him, and at the half mile was half a length in front; time, 1 min. 27 sec. Going along the third quarter, Sam broke again, and this enabled the bay to give him the go by, maintaining it until they swung into the home stretch. From this point a fine, exciting contest was witnessed, the two trotting head and head together nearly all the way home, the grey in the last fifty yards evincing the possession of superior speed, for he drew gradually ahead, and finally won the heat, although he broke within a dozen yards of the stand and crossed the score on a run, in 2 min. 51 sec.

Second Heat.—One hundred to twenty on the winner of the last heat. Billy led around the turn, in consequence of Lovett crowding the grey and taking the inside track from him, causing Crooks to hold in, to prevent being run into. At the quarter pole, which was passed in 44 secs., the grey had made up his lost ground, and passing his opponent, led two clean lengths at the half mile pole, in 1:26. On the next quarter, Lovett sent his horse smartly along, and at the turn into the home stretch had got on even terms with the grey, but being carried off his feet by the pace, the grey came home an easy winner, in 2:51½.

Third Heat.—Any odds on Sam could have been obtained. Over half an hour was wasted before they got the word, first one and then the other being the cause of a "no go." While thus they were frittering away the time, a heavy thunder shower, which had been for some time impending, broke, drenching the drivers to the skin, deluging the track with rain, and compelling the spectators to flee to the stands for shelter. At last, the judges gave the word, the grey leading to the turn, where he broke, and Billy led a length to the quarter pole, in 44½ secs. On the back stretch, the bay horse still further widened the gap, and at the half mile was double that distance ahead; time, 1:27. As they turned into the home stretch, Sam, who was trotting beautifully, begun to close up the interval between them; on the straight he gained at every stride upon his leader, and after a most exciting and magnificent struggle, he managed to catch the bay just on the score, and made a dead heat of it in 2 min. 55 secs.

Fourth Heat.—The last heat had evidently taken considerable steel out of the grey horse, and the confidence of his friends was not so great as before, the odds offered on his winning being reduced to $100 to $50. A useless waste of time ensued, the judges' bell having to be repeatedly rung before they could get the horses on the track. When at last the judges cried "Go," Crooks sent the grey ahead at a good pace to the quarter, in 42½ secs., a clear length in advance, and this lead he kept to the half mile pole, which was reached in 1 min. 25 secs. On the third quarter, the grey broke and Lovett took the lead, and was two lengths ahead as they turned into the straight. Here the bay horse broke, but Lovett had him down directly. Up the home stretch it was a fine, exciting contest, the grey gaining perceptibly at every stride, until at the distance he had lapped him, fairly out-footing him in speed, and winning at last, the heat and race by two lengths, in 2 min. 52 secs. Summary:

Fashion Course, Monday, May 9.—Match $500, mile heats, best three in five.

John Crooks named gr g Sam	1	1	0	1
John Lovett named b g Billy	2	2	0	2

TIME.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	0:45	1:27	2:51
Second Heat	0:44	1:26	2:51½
Third Heat	0:44½	1:27	2:55
Fourth Heat	0:42½	1:25	2:52

THE TROT for the fifth of the series of purses offered by the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association, for horses that at the time of entry had never trotted in less than 2 min. 40 secs., came off on Wednesday, the 11th inst. The race was mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. Of the eleven horses entered, only two, T. Cregan's Lady Collins and owner's Lady Tompkins, came to the post. Gen. Grant, one of the absentees, has been withdrawn from the track altogether, as we suggested a fortnight ago, and his owner, Capt. J. Simonson, the eminent ship builder, intends using him as a road horse, a purpose for which his speed admirably adapts him. There was a good attendance, the day being fine and the track in capital going order. Lady Collins, on the strength of her two races with the Hambletonian colt Dexter, was made the favorite at twenty to ten, and even twenty to eight being currently offered and taken in a few instances; the betting, however, was not heavy.

First Heat.—After two failures, the word was given when Lady Collins was a length behind, her driver nodding for the start. Lady Tompkins, driven by Geo. Hopkins, took the lead for about a hundred yards, when she broke, and the sorrel mare led two lengths to the quarter pole, in 39½ secs.; and the same to the half mile, in 1 min. 19¼ secs. On the third quarter, Lady Tompkins closed the gap gradually, and they came up the home stretch side by side. Before reaching the distance stand, Crooks' mare broke up, and Lady Collins came in a winner [illegible] the sorrel mare, secs.

Second Heat. The [illegible] now full [illegible] the sorrel mare, symptoms of soreness in her. Her owner and driver, however, had such confidence in her that he commissioned a friend to bet $200 on her winning. Geo. Hopkins resigned the reins over the bay mare to John Crooks. The sorrel mare took the lead at the start, but breaking up shortly afterwards, Lady Tompkins led four or five lengths to the quarter pole, in 39 secs. She still further widened the gap on the half mile, the pole of which was passed in 1:18½, and finally won the race in 2 min. 40½ secs., the sorrel mare, who broke up repeatedly, only just escaping being distanced.

Third Heat.—The betting was now $50 to $10 on Lady Tompkins, the lameness of the sorrel being now apparent to all. The former led a length to the quarter in 40 secs., and to the half in 1 min. 20 secs., and eventually won the heat by fifty yards in 2 min. 43½ secs.

Fourth Heat.—The race was now virtually over, and but little interest was felt in it. This heat was but a counterpart of the last, Lady Tompkins winning in 2 min. 46½ secs. Summary.

Fashion Course, L. I.—Trotting, Wednesday, May 11. Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

J. Crooks named b m Lady Tompkins	2	1	1	1
T. Cregan named s m Lady Collins	1	2	2	2

Time, 2:40½; 2:40½; 2:43½; 2:46½.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, Thursday the 12th inst., a trot between two road horses belonging to Jersey City came off on the Union Course for a sweepstakes of $300, mile and repeat, in harness. When the race was made there were three entries, viz., George Yearance's s m Stella, C. Birdsall's b g Blue Morgan, and J. H. Farrer's b g John B. Moore. The latter, owing to domestic affliction, was drawn, leaving the race to be contested by Stella and Blue Morgan. There was a very small attendance of spectators, owing to the gloomy and threatening appearance of the weather, as well as the counter attraction of a match over the Fashion Course, the particulars of which will be found below.

On arriving at the track we found a general disposition to back Blue Morgan among the trotting men assembled; two to one was currently offered on him, but few takers. In the first heat the judges gave the word to a good even start at the first attempt. Morgan broke up almost as soon as it was given, and before he could be got down again he had lost fully fifty yards. At the quarter pole Stella was ten lengths ahead, and nearly double that distance at the half mile pole. Morgan gained rapidly on the third quarter, but breaking at the last turn, he came up the home stretch on a run, carrying Stella off her feet within thirty yards of the score, which the bay horse crossed first two lengths ahead. The judges, however, very properly gave the heat to Stella; time, 3 min. 9 secs. In the second heat the betting was even on the sorrel mare, although little business was done. She broke directly the word was given, giving the lead to Morgan, who led throughout and won the heat easily by half a dozen lengths, in 2 min. 53 secs; the sorrel mare, who behaved badly throughout, running all the way home. The third heat was also won by Morgan, upon whom $20 to $15 was freely bet. The sorrel mare behaved as badly as in the preceding heat, breaking repeatedly, and allowing Blue Morgan to win the heat and race easily in 2:53. We append the Summary.

Union Course, L. I.—Sweepstakes $300, mile and repeat, in harness.

C. Birdsall named b g Blue Morgan	2	1	1
G. Yearance named s m Stella	1	2	2
J. H. Farrar named b g John B. Moore	Drawn.		

Time, 3:09; 2:53; 2:53.

Returning to the old field marshall's (Hiram Woodruff's) hotel, the merits of the two horses who had just trotted were freely canvassed, and we listened to a considerable amount of chin music on the subject. Jake Somerindyke at last clenched his arguments by offering to bet $50 that he could take the losing mare and drive and win the same race over again. He was immediately taken up by Jim Bevins, and the owners of the horses being, like Barkis, willing, an adjournment to the track at once took place, although the majority of the spectators of the preceding trot had left for home. Blue Morgan, in consequence of his victory, was made the favorite, $20 to $15 being bet on his winning. Stella, however, won the first heat easily, owing to Bevins' horse breaking repeatedly and badly, and the odds at once changed to the sorrel mare. The two next heats, however, were won by Blue Morgan, after most exciting contests, in 2 min. 54½ sec. and 2 min. 54½ sec., both heats being trotted in the same time. Bevins consequently won the race and the money. Summary.

SAME DAY.—UNION COURSE, L. I.—Match $100, mile and repeat, in harness.

J. Bevins, named b. g. Blue Morgan	2	1	1
J. Somerindyke, named s. m. Stella	1	2	2

Time 3:08; 2:54½; 2:54½.

We forgot to mention last week that the frequenters of the good old Course have no longer an opportunity of making a call and "smiling" with that jolliest of landlords and prince of good fellows, Tom Stewart, of circus and sawdust renown. The Half Way House now boasts of another host, for friend Tom has returned to his first love, and is once more connected with that profession in which, years ago; he gained such fame and renown. In his new business avocation we heartily wish him prosperity and success.

On the same day, a match for $100, two miles and repeat, to wagons, came off on the Fashion Course, L. I. The horses were R. Ogles b. g. Discount (formerly known on the trotting turf by the name of Andy Mulligan) and J. White's b. g. Morgan Jones. The attendance was not numerous, the same causes which operated against the assemblage on the Union Course, being in action here. Both horses turned out to be perfect cripples, Discount being stiff and lame all round; but when warmed up showing something of his old trotting gait. Morgan Jones was lame in his off hind leg, yet notwithstanding this, it was thought he was better off than his opponent, and $25 to $10 was betted on his winning. Discount, however, won the first heat easily in 5 min. 44 sec., the first mile being run in 2 min. 50 sec. In the second heat Discount never gave the namesake of the Sixth Ward Alderman a chance, as he led several lengths on passing the score on the first mile in 2:05; Morgan Jones pulling up before they had gone to the next quarter, and leaving Discount to walk over the track for the heat and match; the time of this heat was not taken.

SUMMARY.

Fashion Course, L. I.—Match $100, two miles and repeat, to wagons.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs. ..... $4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from ..... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 1-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.--- JOHN DWYER, Proprietor. Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by civility and courteousness to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 1-5t*

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 1-tf

"CLIPPER SHADES,"
52 MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. Clubs, Dumb Bells, Boxing Gloves, free for the use of visitors.
PETER MALLOY, Proprietor.
Private Instruction in the Art of Self-Defence. 1-11t*

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelry, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing. 1-7t*

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS ..... Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night. 52-tf

THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!--Greatest Music Hall and Concert ..... in the City! No. 654 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond streets. MISS ..... CHAMPION, Proprietor. The gorgeous decorations, architectural beauty, and capaciousness of this mammoth Music Hall are unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Viands, fit for an emperor; grand orchestral music; an unsurpassed Shooting Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 1-3m*

THE "STAR OF THE WEST,"
202 CENTRE STREET,
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [2-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE LONDON TAVERN,
No. 105 MERRIMACK STREET, BOSTON.
JACK TURNER ..... Proprietor.
The above establishment is now fitted up in good style, and the Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars are of a superior quality.
The Art of Self-Defence Taught by Jack Turner. 4-4t*

TO ALL WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.
BESIDES THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.
BE IT KNOWN THAT
HARRY EASTMAN
HAS OPENED A HOUSE,
49 CHERRY STREET, NEAR BROAD,
Nashville, Tenn.
Where all good things can be found in the way of Wines, Liquors and Segars. Strangers visiting this part of the country call and see him, and be sure of being treated well. 6-5t*

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY ..... Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

JOE COBURN'S GRAND FAREWELL.

The Biggest Gathering ever Collected in the City.

PLENTY OF SPORT AND NO END OF ENTHUSIASM.

PRESENTATION OF A BEAUTIFUL BELT TO COBURN.

OFF FOR ENGLAND.

THE City Assembly Rooms were literally besieged on the night of the 10th inst., by as diversified a class of men as we've seen for many a day. On such an occasion, the farewell of the American Champion and his last appearance prior to his leaving this good old Empire City "strange countries for to see, see, see," with the intention to cope with Jem of Norwich for honor and fame on the hospitable shores of Old Erin, it was meet that it should be so, and we prophecied for him a full house all the time. Our "last call" had the effect of drawing people from almost every street and avenue in this and adjacent cities, men who hadn't been seen at exhibitions for years, and strangers in droves. The army and navy, mechanic, tradesman, gentleman of leisure, gambulier, parson, and all classes were represented, while the Fenian Brotherhood and other patriotic societies were out to a man. In point of numbers it was some distance ahead of the Kehoe and James show, but did not compare with that for style, and as we have heard of numerous wagers being made on this question as to which was the biggest house, we say Joe Coburn's, most decidedly.

All day Tuesday crowds were observed reading the Champion's big bill with the wood-cut likeness of Sir Joseph and the Benicia Boy in fighting rig, and when night came on, with a transparency outside, put there at the suggestion of a respected ex-public functionary, the crowd swelled into a dense mass, and flocked around the door much thicker than the lucky possessors of 5-20's around the Treasury office when interest comes due. The doors were opened at 7 o'clock, and with Joe and his *aides de camp* to serve out the pasteboard in exchange for greenbacks and such like current funds, smart as they were, it just gave them all they could do to work things, and as one continual siege was kept up from 7 o'clock till 9, fully half of which were for dollar tickets, some idea can be formed of the state of the cash department. In addition to this, three or four friends of Joe's were disposing of tickets in the hall way, and the agent and ticket taker, the eccentric Simon Kehoe, took in about $70 in money at the door.

It was amusing to watch the enthusiastic Emeralders put down their last dollar or half dollar for the sake of seeing a champion after their own heart, an Irishman born, a second Dan Donnelly; and one old fellow—who looked as if he hadn't a second shirt to his back—when he found out it was "himself" was daling tickets," after paying his good old dollar, probably a sixth part of his weekly earnings, got so enthusiastic about it that nothing would do but he must bome right in the ticket office to get a square look at "the lad going to England to fight Mace," and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to leave him and go inside and see the show. If everybody wished Joe the good luck that that poor, but generous Patlander did, he would do very well. There were many such instances of enthusiasm on the part of the gentlemen from Ireland.

The performance was not equal to the three grand benefits which preceded this one, and it was all of nine o'clock before school was opened by Boss Davis. The immense hall was packed so full and the night so warm that it was no easy matter, in the first place, to find people, and in the second, it was like pulling teeth to work their way through to the disrobing room, so that many gave it up as a bad job, and as they were as much interested in seeing the show as anybody else, if they had a good seat it was not to be supposed they would give it up and take chances of not being able to see anything afterwards—not they. However, all things considered, Sam made out very fairly. Among the audience was that tall son of York, Tom Hyer, and when he entered he was warmly applauded. The entertainment consisted of club swinging by Joe Foote and Harry Hill; dancing by Tommy Thompson and Master Richard Hill; a bone solo by Jake Smith; song, dance and walk around by Hill, Jr.; fencing by Messrs. Heintz and Friedrich; sparring by Messrs. Cornell, Whitney, Mike Coburn, Hanley, Donnelly, Jim Coburn, Tom Mack, Lowery, Nunan, Mullaney, Bennett and others, who, with one or two exceptions, did very well, but as we have so often of late had occasion to speak at length of all of the above named, we do not think it would be of any great interest to go over the same ground again so soon.

The grand event of the evening was a masterly delineation of the art of boxing between Joe Coburn and the Unknown, who was none other than Rockey Moore, a tall, wirely, fine built young fellow from the upper "deestricts," able for most anybody, with or without gloves.

PRESENTATION OF THE BELT.

At the conclusion of the first round, the Belt Committee, Messrs. Smith, Wilson, Lazarus, and Hill appeared on the stage, and Sir John Falstaff having been selected as the Cicero for the occasion, Izzy advanced four paces, and holding in his hand the belt, he proceeded to make the presentation speech, which was as follows:

"Mr. Joseph Coburn:

"It is with a deal of pleasure that I now present to you this belt, for your manly conduct, both in and out of the ring. It has been gotten up by the subscription of a few friends, and I am sure the audience will be glad to see it. May you bring it back from the Old Country with the other laurels which I hope you will win there, and live long to be its wearer."

Mr. Davis replied on behalf of Coburn in a short speech right to the point, and stated that the recipient meant to have a manly fight with Mace, and hoped to be able to add additional lustre to the American ring. Three rousing cheers were then given for Coburn, and given with a will. The Director then handed the trophy over to Joe, and tried to fasten it round his loins, but couldn't manage it, which elicited some good natured remarks from the audience.

Rockey and Joe then went on with their set-to, and between them they made a rattling affair of it. When we say that Moore performed to better advantage than either Elliott or Dunn when placed before the same man, we are saying a good deal for Rockey; but so it was nevertheless, for his quickness, straight hitting, good stopping, and general anxiety to get on, made the whole thing exciting and kept Joe good and busy to take care of his nasal protuberance and at the same time land a rap or two on Rockey's smiling phiz. Taken all in all, it was a right down good box, and reflected a heap of credit on the layer of bricks and the Union volunteer.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BELT.

As almost everybody is aware, an exhibition was gotten up to raise the corianders for this belt, but as there was not "quantum suff" to get a good one, a few gentlemen put in enough from their own private purses to have the affair done right, Bob Smith contributing the lion's share. The "getting up" was entrusted to Ball, Black & Co., Mr. George Corbett, said to be the best workman in the city, doing the engraving part, and accomplishing wonders. The belt is four inches in width and thirty-five inches in length, of solid silver, frosted on the inside, and highly polished and ornamented on the outside, with a rim around it. It is in three pieces: on the front is a plate with an embossed gold eagle over the words, "Joe Coburn, Champion of America," underneath which are a sett of Indian clubs and boxing gloves, also raised from the surface and very cunningly designed. Directly opposite is a shield with a very clever representation of the great fight between Johnny Broome and Jack Hannan, and underneath the words:

"Presented to Joe Coburn by his friends in New York for his manly and gentlemanly conduct in and out of the ring. May 10, 1864."

The whole cost of this beautiful and elegant present, the like of which was never presented to any pugilist on this side of the Atlantic, was $240, and it is in our opinion decidedly prettier than the Champion's Belt of England, and in design, far ahead of any of the presentation belts owned by different star boxers in England, nearly all of which we have seen with our own eyes. Coburn may well be proud of it, and this, together with the one lately received from California, shows the appreciation in which he is held by the sporting community and the public generally. Mr. Coburn took both of them along with him to the Old Country in the steamer City of Washington, which left this port on Saturday, the 14th inst.

"Outward Bound."

JOE COBURN ON HIS WAY TO FIGHT JEM MACE.

DEPARTURE OF JIM CUSICK AND JIM DUNN ON THE SAME BOAT.

SCENES ON THE DOCK—MUSIC AND ENTHUSIASM.

ARTICLES FOR THE FIGHT TO BE SIGNED ON THE 31st.

WHEN WE MAY EXPECT THE NEWS.

SINCE the Champion's Monster Benefit, on the 10th inst., the sports of New York have found nothing else to talk about, and "respectable" men, when they got through discussing the glorious victories of Grant, Butler, Sherman, Sigel, and the other braves, would, in a sort of indifferent way, as if they were not particularly anxious to know, ask "Is Coburn actually going to England to fight Mace?" and that question would lead to others, until our down town merchants found themselves discussing the merits of Mace and Coburn with the same enthusiasm as old sports. Up to within a week or so of Coburn's departure, there were thousands in this city alone, who, from prejudice or some other reason, wouldn't believe that he ever intended to go, but with all their talk you couldn't squeeze a dollar out of them in the shape of a bet. Coburn had deputed a tried and trusty friend to take up all those who talked greenbacks that he wouldn't go, and gave that friend *carte blanche* to bet from one dollar to five thousand on it, but although he worked late and early, no one would bet unless the clause was added in relation to the fight as "there's many a fly," &c., &c., and such a certainty as the other, that Coburn neans it, and no one is silly enough to bet, as you know moment that Mace doesn't mean it. Three years ago, when one of our staff was in England, Mace told our reporter that if he couldn't get on a match with Heenan (and we all know he tried hard enough,) he would do his best to induce Coburn to come out and have a battle royal. But this time Jem has been headed off by Joe taking the initiative and making arrangements to accommodate him according to his heart's wish. The principal reason why Mace is so anxious to fight an American, or Irish-American, if that please you better, is because he has long had a desire to visit the United States, and win or lose after his next battle, so wrote his agent a short time since, he will come. Sayers wants to see this country, too, and if he and Mace should take a notion to come over together, there's a fortune apiece sure, provided they have a good steerer.

In our last we were not positive as to which steamer the Champion intended to go in, and therefore couldn't tell the boys where to be on hand and at what time, to see him off, which is to be regretted, as many people from other cities would have liked to have come and bid him farewell. We knew he was going, and so said. During the week the officers and men belonging to the City of Washington, the same steamer in which John C. Heenan sailed, spent all their spare time at the White House, and became so well acquainted with the frequenters of that hotel, from Boss Saunders to the tax gatherer, that Joe concluded to go out in that vessel, and by a little engineering he was enabled to buy four tickets with greenbacks and no discount on them, the company taking into consideration the object of his journey, and the officers being very desirous of having him for a *companion du voyage*. On the 11th he bought his tickets, and after that it didn't take us long to spread the news, for we felt interested in seeing a good party down on the dock, and had there been sufficient time, would have called a committee together and went out to Sandy Hook in a tug, as was done when Heenan went away. Having collected the money for the majority of his exhibition tickets, (which must have put at least $1200 in his purse, as $600 were taken at the door), been to Fredrick's and had his picture taken, with his two belts, 10,000 of which will be sent to London by the next steamer, and settled all his business matters, he prepared for the journey. His last night at the White House was marked by sociability all round, and during the afternoon and evening over 1,000 people must have called to bid him good bye.

The morning of the 14th dawned hazy, and the rain came down patter, patter, patter, quite early, and continued at intervals all day. Notwithstanding this, and the fact that no public mention had been made as to where the steamer started from, Pier 44, North River, foot of Charlton street, at 11 A. M. was a dense sea of heads. For two or three blocks along West street there was one continual string of carriages, with the omnipresent red club wagon and black poney hitched up to an awning post. The first party met was little Johnny Murphy, of the Banner Ward, presided over by that prince of sports and noble fireman, Alderman Pete Masterson, who (Murphy, we mean) informed us that he was going out in the Washington for his health and to see the old folks at home. Then Izzy Lazarus' sylph-like figure was observed afar off, and when he hove to, we proceeded aboard the steamer, falling in with Shapcott, the bugler of Wood's Minstrels, Bob Smith, Tommy Burns, Alec Mason, Nick Langan, Ned Wilson, "Dave," Sim Kehoe, Jim Coburn, Captain Saunders, William Hastings, Joe Foote, Jack Hackett, Harry Lazarus, Dick Hall, Harry Hill and his boy Dick, Mike Coburn, Tim Dermody, and scores of other well known faces whose names we cannot call to mind. Old Tovee, "Uncle Bill," in a cogitative mood, half inclined to go too, was pacing the upper deck, and by his at stere expression could have passed off as master mate or something else, if he hadn't been so well known. On the dock we spied Tom the Boatman, Walter Flynn, Phil Clare, Bill Keating, Jingles, Harry Higgins, Louis de Angelis, Holcomb, Sam Curry, the Doctor, Old Hughes Billy Donnelly, Jack Noble, Jack Tierney, Jem Colbert, Harry Clarke, Jack Tipper, C. Chrysler, Costello, Tom Christianson, Paddy Kernan, Mike Nunan, Jack Leonard, Dooney Harris, Joe Graham, Jerry Conklin, and hundreds of other familiar faces, while strangers and those there out of curiosity must have made the number between two and three thousand people. For three quarters of an hour every face and form ascending the gangway was eagerly scanned by the bystanders, and as this or that one mounted the same, shouts arose, and all manner of good natured remarks were made. When Izzy got aboard, the crowd swore they saw the Washington go at least one foot more under water, and *vice versa* when he left the ship. A fact.

Among the passengers outward bound was Charley Earl and Billy Walsh, ex-president of the Board of Aldermen, and when the latter's brother, Tom, came up ahead, a "gentleman from Ireland" following with a trunk, everybody thought that Fatty was going too, and were all for wishing him "good-bye at the door," when Billy made *his* appearance, and then the Corpulent One let the cat out of the bag by saying he was not going at all, that New York was good enough for him, but that Billy was going for the benefit of his health, and Billy had to go through the same ceremony as his brother who had preceded him. By-and-by, Jim Dunn, the young Brooklyn athlete, struck the ship, and although it was not generally known that he intended going until a month or so before the fight, the boys gave him three cheers and a tiger. Dunn didn't know himself that he was going in the Washington until the day before she sailed, when he happened to call at the White House for the first time since he's been sick, when, in answer to Coburn's request, he said he would, and Joe got him a ticket in double quick time. James Cusick, the true and well-tried friend of Heenan, soon afterwards stepped on the gangway, and the instant he was recognized three rousing cheers were given for him, which he took with great good humor, a merry twinkle the while being observed in his eye.

At about 11:30 the cry was raised, "There he is!" "Here comes Coburn!" "Clear the gangway there!" "Three cheers for Joe!" and a dozen such expressions, which turned out correct, as in a few seconds more he was up alongside, cheered along at every step. The instant he set his foot on the "good ship which sailed that day," to transmogrify Pipes of Pipesville, a gentleman connected with one of our minstrel companies, "one of the 60s," bursted out with "Have you seen my love looking for me?" in his clarion-toned bugle, which came so spontaneous that Joe was taken by surprise, and colored up as though it was a personal matter, which it no doubt was, but at the same time a good humored one, alluding to the female member of the Coburn family then on board. This over, Kehoe jumped up on the side and gave the cue, when the cheering was so lusty and enthusiastic that people living in Hudson street actually left their homes to see what was going on. Ask Morrison if that isn't so. The rest of the time was spent in shaking of hands and wishing the champion good luck in the land he's bound for. There were quite a number of familiar faces among the ladies, and not a few tear-drops visible as they retraced their steps homeward to miss some loved one at the table and have only the empty chair to remind them of his or her absence. Some of the scenes were very affecting, and any one who can feel indifferent to such sights has very little of the milk of human kindness in his or her breast.

When the order was given for all but passengers to give up the ship, and the mails taken on board, the crowd on the dock, together with those on the City of Manchester, anchored on the other side of the pier, couldn't have been less than 3000 people; and as the Washington gradually moved like "a thing of life," majestically ploughing the noble Hudson, the huzzas and waving of hats and handkerchiefs were kept up till they got husky from shouting, and afterwards gradually dispersed in little knots to their favorite resorts, to drive dull care away and drink success to Joe Coburn, Sam Curry having taken a new Old House at Home in the vicinity of his old place, had a large delegation of friends to see and smile with him, and he did well.

We wish them all a safe and speedy voyage, in which our readers will heartily join. Coburn has proved how much he means business by converting all his greenbacks into sovereigns, with gold at 70, at a tremendous loss to himself pecuniarily, but we are glad to be able to say that his friends have not deserted him, and one noble fellow has given us his word that inside of thirty days he will send to this office *five hundred dollars in gold* as a present for Coburn, which we shall remit to him the earliest moment after its receipt. The American trio, Joe Coburn, Jim Cusick, and Jim Dunn, will no doubt all be at *Bell's Life* office in London at the signing of articles on the 31st, and as we are promised correspondence from them all, the CLIPPER will as usual always contain the earliest and only reliable news concerning the Third Great International Match between Joe Coburn, the American, and Jem Mace, the Britisher, for the Championship of the World. In less than a month from the date of this issue we expect to be able to give the Articles of Agreement and all the other interesting news incident to the match. As the CLIPPER was the direct means of making this promising great match, so will the CLIPPER publish every little item connected with it from the Alpha to the Omega.

SHOOTING AFFRAY IN MULBERRY STREET.

DEATH OF "SCOTTY THE MONEGAR."

ARREST OF HUGH RILEY.

ESCAPE OF THE ALLEGED SHOOTER.

ORIGIN OF THE DIFFICULTY—CORONER'S INVESTIGATION.

ON Monday evening, May 9, Hugh Riley and an up towner named Shannon were to have fought a rough and tumble fight for $200 a side, and the affair, considering the well-known fighting qualities and gameness of the two men, created a great deal of excitement among the sporting community, both Riley and Shannon being very well known all over the city. It was proposed to enter a room together, lock the door and fight till one or the other of them should be vanquished—no one being present to interfere. A room in Centre street was selected for the purpose. Considerable money was staked on the result of the fight; but, for some reason best known to himself, Shannon announced his intention on Monday not to meet Riley on the terms previously agreed upon, and so the fight fell through.

This was a great disappointment to Riley and his friends, who, the same afternoon, met a number of the Shannon party at Skid Gallagher's porter house, No. 112 Mulberry street, and a quarrel between them followed at once, resulting in the fatal shooting of Walter Bell *alias* "Scotty the Moneger," and the seriously wounding of two other innocent parties. After being shot through the breast, Scotty ran nearly two blocks, pursued by Patrick McDermott and another man, with drawn revolvers, they firing at him as he ran. Scotty staggered into the drug store, corner of Mott and Canal streets, where he expired in five minutes. His remains were conveyed to the station house in Franklin street. Officer Kennedy and Wilkinson, of the Sixth precinct, subsequently arrested Riley, but McDermott and others are still at large. The police credit Scotty with killing one or two men in Galveston, Texas, years ago, and subsequently, while in a fight with Joseph Hart, in New Orleans, deceased cut one of his eyes out. A glass eye was substituted for the real one and Hart eventually returned to his home in this city. About a year since, Scotty and Hart met in Cherry street, near James, and, a quarrel ensuing, Hart was shot and killed by Scotty, who escaped punishment for this homicide, as he had for many other previous offences. A few weeks since deceased was arraigned before the Court of Special Sessions and pleaded guilty to a brutal assault on a female. Judge Dowling forthwith sentenced the criminal to four months imprisonment in the penitentiary; but by the interference of one of the Supreme Court Judges, Scotty was set at liberty.

Coroner Wildey held an inquest on the remains of Scotty at the Sixth Ward station-house in Franklin street, and there were present many of the leading sporting characters in the city. We dispatched a reporter to take notes of the proceedings, and when he arrived there, Hugh Riley had just been brought from the Fourteenth Ward station-house under charge of Captain Williamson, and appeared to take things pretty easy. In a room back of the station-house lay the body of Scotty, his face turned as blue as indigo, and presenting a very repulsive appearance. Under his left eye was an abrasion of the skin, and the mark of a bullet hole immediately over his heart. His face and frame showed him to have been no ordinary man, but one possessed of reckless courage and great physical strength. He was a native of Scotland, twenty-six years of age, and leaves a young wife totally unprovided for. As the investigation was very lengthy we can only give the testimony of two of the principal witnesses, whereby it will be perceived that Hugh Riley was not the man who fired the fatal shots.

Wm. Gallagher, being duly sworn, deposes and says:—I keep a liquor store at 112 Mulberry street; I first saw the deceased on Sunday last; I was standing at my door at about half-past five or six o'clock last evening; the prisoner Riley came up to the door and asked for a bottle of soda water; deceased was sitting in front of the door of the liquor store, which was closed at the time; I went to go in with Riley, and he went in at the same moment; as struck deceased under the left eye with the butt end; prisoner ver; I went towards him and seized his arm; we struggled and both fell on the street, ran a going underneath; I saw had the pistol go to the hand in which he had the pistol, and as the weapon loose; I then saw Patrick McDermott and Thomas McAndrews both firing revolvers at deceased; the deceased ran away and the crowd ran after him. Riley handed the pistol to a friend, John Morris; Riley could not have shot the deceased while struggling with me; I am positive the three men—Riley, McDermott and McAndrews—came there to make the attack on deceased; I did not hear the deceased say anything while they were firing at him; he fired his revolver after being fired at by his assailants; I think it was Patrick McDermott who shot the deceased; I distinctly saw McDermott fire at the deceased; he was about twelve or fifteen feet from him at the time; I also saw a pistol in McAndrews' hand; I did not see any officers around at that time; I did not see the deceased have a knife in his hand at any time during the difficulty; I think Riley fired at me while I was struggling with him, but I cannot say how many times he discharged his pistol.

James Raymond, being duly sworn, says:—I live at 257 West Seventeenth street; I am a bartender; I have just come from Philadelphia; I am unemployed at present; I was standing in the door of Mr. Gallagher's store at about half past five in the evening; I saw the prisoner strike the deceased with the revolver in the face; then I saw Gallagher grab the prisoner by the arm; they had a struggle and fell on the street; the revolver in Riley's hand was discharged, and the ball passed between Gallagher's legs; the next shot fired by Riley passed by Gallagher's head; at the time there were two men standing near the coal box, firing at deceased; the deceased then ran off, and the two men followed him, and at about that time, Riley, who was on the opposite side of the street, gave his pistol up to a man, whose name I don't know; he then struck Gallagher in the face; I never saw the two men who fired at deceased before, and I don't know their names; I don't know whether either of the shots fired by the two men struck the deceased; I am sure the prisoner did not shoot the deceased; a man and woman were also shot, besides the deceased; there were some eighteen or twenty shots fired during the affray; the shots fired by the prisoner were not aimed at the deceased; I would know one of the men who fired at the deceased, if I saw him again; about half an hour before the shooting, Riley came to Gallagher's store, and said that he would lick Gallagher the first time he met him, but went away soon after; there was no difficulty at that time.

The investigation was resumed and concluded at the Fourteenth Ward Station house on Friday, the 13th inst., in presence of a large number of the friends of the deceased and the prisoner, and after the examination of two or three other witnesses, in which nothing new was elicited, the jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, rendered the following

VERDICT.

That the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot wound at the hands of Patrick McDermott, and that Hugh Riley and Thomas McAndrews were accessories before the fact.

The prisoner (Riley), who was represented by Wm. F. Howe as counsel, was then examined according to law, and stated that he was twenty-six years of age, a native of this city, resided at No. 25 Third street, and was a boot-fitter by trade, but had kept a porter house for the last three years. In reply to the question of what he had to say in relation to the charge preferred against him, he said: I did not shoot deceased or at him; I reserve my further defense by advice of my counsel.

The Coroner committed Riley to prison to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Neither McDermott nor McAndrews have yet been arrested, and it is presumed that they have left the city.

POSTSCRIPT.—Just as we go to press we learn that bail has been accepted on behalf of Hugh Riley, in the sum of $3000, which was at once procured, and Riley is therefore at liberty until the sitting of the Grand Jury.

HARRIS AND MARLEY'S LATE MATCH.

GIVING UP THE STAKES.

As we expected, there was a rip-staving crowd present at the giving up of the stakes, $1000, in the late match between Dooney Harris and Patsy Marley, at the stakeholder's, No. 26 East Houston street, on the afternoon of the 11th inst. As promised, Hill had a chowder served by that greatest of all chowder-makers, Tom the Boatman, who "threw himself"—not into, but in making the chowder, and succeeded in eclipsing even himself. Everybody who partook of the Boatman's chowder will be loth to pay two "bits" for it as served up at Phil. Crogan's hereafter, and unless the chowder making brigade can square it with Noisy Tom, they'll have to take the consequences.

Dooney was there and Patsy was there, and a crowd of as varied a character as it is possible to conceive, but we are sorry to state that Harris didn't behave pretty good towards Marley, refusing even to shake hands with him, but giving him the benefit of his tongue. Dooney found fault with the manner in which Patsy acted in the ring, at which everybody who knows anything about prize fighting was justly surprised and not a little indignant. As well might one expect to see a dead beat treat a party as to see politeness and etiquette cultivated in the ring, and although we don't approve of it, Harris has had so much more experience and the benefit of a London education, that he might have overlooked all such trivial offences, if offences they were, on Marley's part; for it is well known that Patsy is no great scholar, nor much conversant with the ways of the world. Besides, the victor can always afford to be magnanimous to his defeated antagonist, which fact Dooney knows as well as we do. His singular conduct was the means of creating a good deal of talk, and one or two of his best friends were very indignant—in fact, one light weight celebrity wanted to have a brush with the very man he seconded and did so much for in the ring, there and then, right on the spot.

After much talk and more cider, and when the house was at its fullest, One Thousand Dollars was counted out by Harry Hill and handed over to Dooney Harris, who stowed it away in his "dy." At the request of some of Marley's friends, Sam Davis, in the kindest possible manner, went around and collected a stake for him, appealing twice to his victorious opponent, who, however, turned a deaf ear on his vanquished foe. Jem Colbert headed the list with an X, followed up by Geo. Loose with a V, and so on, little by little, until some fifty odd dollars were raised for Sir Patsy, who takes a benefit at the Stuyvesant, on the 23d, when we hope to see a house full.

THE APPROACHING AQUATIC SEASON.—The approaching Aquatic Season, judging from the present indications, promises to be by far the liveliest and most exciting we have had for a long time past. The University boys of Harvard, Union, and Yale, who have ever been the most enthusiastic patrons of Aquatic recreations, are this season actively engaged in the preparations for their summer contests on the silent highway. Mr. Stephen Roberts, the eminent boat builder of this city, is now building three six-oared boats for Harvard, one for Yale, and one for Union of Schenectady, both the latter also six-oared boats. He has also on the way a beautiful four-oared boat for a Philadelphia Club.

JIMMY ELLIOTT'S CASE.—We were misinformed last week about the release of Jimmy Elliott on bail from his troubles over in New Jersey, where he was arrested on the old warrant of being engaged in a prize fight last May, as up to the 13th he was still under bolts and bars. Having pleaded guilty to the charge without any consultation with his friends, it is thought that if he stands trial over there it will go mighty hard with him. All the past week some of the most influential men connected with Chief Young's department have been working like bees to effect his release on bail, thinking, as they do, and rightly, too, that it would be a burning shame to make one man suffer for things which have been going on in the same State for over twenty years. We hope Jimmy gets out of it.

ANOTHER SPORT OFF FOR EUROPE.—Frank Burns, well known in connection with shows, music halls, underground concert saloons, and sporting matters generally, sailed for Germany on the 14th, but not in the same steamer as that in which Joe Coburn and James Cusick went out. Frank goes for the benefit of his health, and while he is about it will stay and see the great battle between Coburn and Mace.

GONE TO CALIFORNIA.—Fred May, otherwise and more familiarly known as "Yaller," sailed for the land of gold a short time ago to try his fortune out there. His name will be familiar to frequenters of music halls and free-and-easies.

JOHNNY MURPHY GONE TO ENGLAND.—Young Murphy, who fought Sheridan, and was talked of a year or so ago as a match for Johnny Drumgoole, sailed for Liverpool in the steamer City of Washington, on the 14th inst. Some time back he was struck in the head with an iron bar, which affected his brain, and as nothing but a change of climate was likely to do him any good, his doctors advised him to go and try living in the Old Country for awhile. We hope Johnny may come back a new man.

PATSY MARLEY NOT DESERTED.—A friend and backer of Marley's, in whom we have the greatest confidence, sends us the following card in relation to that part of the report which appeared in our last where it was stated that Marley was forsaken by his friends, which, from its straightforwardness, bears the impress of truthfulness, and, in justice to our Philadelphia friends, we give the same insertion:—

PHILADELPHIA, May 13, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN: My attention has been called to that portion of the report of the Harris and Marley fight in this week's CLIPPER, in which it says that Marley and his trainer were found deserted about six miles from the battle field.' This portion of the report is not correct. As soon as the fight was over, Patsy and his trainer were taken by some of his Philadelphia friends to the hotel at Fort Washington, and after having as much as possible for him (Patsy) done there, he was taken to Philadelphia in a carriage, by gentlemen who had stuck to him from the time of his appearance at Port Penn. The trainer could not be accommodated in the carriage and had to run his chance for a "standing seat" on the train along with the rest of us. After Marley reached Philadelphia he was taken to the house of a friend, and nothing was left undone to better his condition. In reference to the collection, I would only say that it was started by a gentleman from Camden, and instead of $63—amounted to between $90 and $100. I hope that you will have this report contradicted in the next issue of the CLIPPER, as Patsy's friends, who have done so much for him, feel rather sore at being misrepresented.

Yours truly, G. L. T.

CLUB-SWINGER'S FESTIVAL.—Great preparations are being made for the testimonial to Joe Foote and Tim Dermody, noted club swingers, and the affair comes off at the Stuyvesant Institute, on the 28th inst., when it is hoped their great expectations will be realized.

DEATH OF MR. VESEY.—The late gentlemanly agent of the City Assembly Rooms, Mr. Vesey, died one day rather suddenly from the effects of a carbuncle in his neck. During his position as agent, the ball-going and sporting community will remember him as a gentleman and scholar in every sense of the word. It is a true saying that in the midst of life we are in death, which cometh when expected not.

DRAWN BATTLE BETWEEN MIKE LEAVITT AND FRANK MCALEER.—A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes that a prize fight for $50 a side came off on the afternoon of the 11th, at the Shawsheen Hotel, about one mile from Lawrence, between Prof. Leavitt, of Boston, and Frank McAleer, of Lawrence. Only ten rounds were fought, resulting in a drawn fight. The pugilistic contest created considerable excitement in and around Lawrence.

THE WIDOW PHILIPS' TESTIMONIAL.—On Friday evening, May 20, the long-promised benefit for the widow and orphan children of the late Charley Phillips, of Albany, takes place at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, when, for such a cause, we expect to see the hall filled to overflowing, as no true sport was ever known to resist an appeal of genuine benevolence. To add to the attractions, there are to be three prizes given away on that evening: 1st prize, a sett of boxing gloves to the best sparrer; 2nd, a silver goblet to the best dancer; 3d, a sett of Kehoe's 12 lb. Indian clubs to the best club swinger. Mickey Warren, Tommy Thompson, Johnny Barry, and Young Golden are the biggests to contend for the cup; Ed Russell, Harry Hill, Tim Dermody and Joe Foote, for the clubs; and all the star boxers of this city and Brooklyn, together with Jack Lawless, of Albany. Another new feature will be the Double Clog Reel by Collins and Goodwin, of Campbell's Minstrels. There will also be singing and instrumental music. The sports of the evening will conclude with a display of agility and science between Izzy Lazarus and Fat Jack Evans, of Albany, which will be worth 50 cents in itself. Tom the Boatman will introduce the different artists in his usual eloquent manner, assisted by the venerable Pasha, old Bill Tovee, in full Druidical regalia.

MCGINTY HENRY'S NEW HOUSE OF CALL.—This clever and well deported ..... has removed from the vicinity of the Navy Yard to No. 69 Fulton ..... quicken within a few the City Hall from the ferry, and in one of the ..... Hall House," where, forsooth, he has christened ..... Hall. Be sure to call. Mr. Henry is ..... his friends. In connection with the "Marshall," Mr. Henry is enabled to fill all trade and family orders with which he may be favored in the way of wines, liquors, Ales, etc. *All the daily and weekly papers taken*, and the proprietor is always at home.

BILLY WALSH OUTWARD BOUND.—The respected young ex-Alderman of the Sixth Ward, and brother to Sir Thomas, otherwise "Fatty" Walsh, sailed from this city on the 14th inst., in the steamer City of Washington, in company with Joe Coburn, James Dunn, James Cusick and others. Billy goes for the benefit of his health, and expects to be gone about two months. He is one of the smartest young men in the city—self-educated, he rose step by step in

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

SILENT and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone,
That used to be playing about my knee,
With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee?
Who littered the carpets, and misplaced the chairs,
And scattered their playthings all unawares;
Who called for their suppers with eager shout,
And while they were getting, ran in and out;
Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling,
And never saved jackets nor pants from soiling;
Had ever a want and ever a will
That added a care to my heart, until
I sometimes sighed for the time to come,
When they'd all be big, and go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
There's no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to put up to keep,
No little garments to be hung on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-bed, brim full of rollick,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
(Oh! such a sad, lonely evening as this is!)
No little voices to shout with delight:
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is; no little ones here,
To start a smile, or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
It seemeth but yesterday, since they were young;
Now they are all scattered the world's paths among,
Out where the great rolling trade-stream is flowing;
Out where new firesides with lovelights are glowing,
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,
Not to be comforted—weeping, still weeping;
Out where the high hills of science are blending,
Up 'mid the cloud rifts, up still ascending,
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling,
Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all,
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have ye deserted me? Will ye not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to the home?

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Useless my cry is? Why do I complain?
They'll be my little ones never again!
Can the great oaks to the acorns return?
The broad, rolling stream flow back to the byrne?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
That in manhood went forth the strong and the free?
Nay! nay! no true mother would ask for them back;
Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life's track
Will come like an organ-note, lofty and clear,
To lift up her soul and her spirits to cheer!
And though the tears fall, when she's silent and lone,
She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone!
Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Thy will, O, Father, not my will be done!

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Females often possess presence of mind and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril which seems almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate organization. Here is a striking instance of self-command by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severe test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector, residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, etc. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride elect, without a single thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when she unexpectedly opened. She turned, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber coolly, and addressed him in a whisper:

"You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied, suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; he wasn't agoing to run all risk and leave half the tin behind! She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying:

"I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, and that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was a jolly wench, regular game, and that they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent, and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his only daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

A DASH OF COLD WATER.—A celebrated writer of vaudevilles, being caught in a shower, took refuge under a portico. A very pretty person soon lifted the window, and after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent a servant out to him with an umbrella. The next day the delighted author dressed himself up to his last result of the problem of what was becoming, and, as the umbrella was an old one, laid it aside as a souvenir, and purchasing a new one of the costliest taste, called on the lady to return her flattering loan. She received the new umbrella evidently without remarking the change, and after listening with curious gravity, to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was enamored of her, and forthwith tively explained, that as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come and see her, unobserved, he had sent him the umbrella *to get him off the front* steps!

THE YOUNG ACTRESS;
OR,
The Manager and his Contract.

SOME time since a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfilment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed with their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs ($2,000); but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfil her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. She felt how much depended on her success, and on she walked in the right path, refusing to be turned from it by the flattering vows and insidious homage which she daily received. But in our uncertain world, the good and prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

"How!" cried he; "you are the last person from whom I should have expected such caprice."

"Indeed, sir, it is not caprice."

"It is, then, the offer of another engagement."

"It is sir, and one which I cannot refuse. It is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me."

"Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question."

"My happiness for life, sir, I feel is in question."

"Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once."

"But the person who has proposed for me would not wish his wife to continue on the stage."

"A fine prejudice, forsooth! What is his situation in life?"

"He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop."

"My dear girl, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received."

"Then, sir, you refuse to set me free?"

"I must think about it. At all events you have it in your power to break the engagement by paying the forfeit."

"Ten thousand francs! 'tis very dear."

"It was very dear when you signed your name; but now your services are worth more than that."

"Alas! it will prevent our marriage!" said the poor girl, in a voice choked with tears, and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterwards the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with their assistance.

The cashier entered with a visage woefully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached with a menacing aspect.

"Yes," said the manager, "our situation certainly is embarrassing. And this plaguy fire that won't light."

Astonished that he could be so indifferent under the circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

"Ah! is it you?" said the manager. "You are coming from rehearsal?"

"No, sir; I have come to return the part you gave me to study."

"So it seems you think of quitting the stage?"

"I have brought you the forfeit."

"The ten thousand francs?"

"Here they are."

"And how have you procured this sum?"

"My intended husband gave it me."

"Is he, then, so rich?"

"These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, 'What does it signify? we shall only have to defer setting up business; or perhaps I may succeed in borrowing the money.'"

"Going in debt? That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So, the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of an honorable independence."

"Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!" sobbed the young girl.

"Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy? Listen to reason—take back this money and return it to him who gave it you; and if you are absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a simple way of doing it, that it won't cost you anything. Take this paper and have the kindness to put it in the grate."

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering coals. The manager watched it as the flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a bright blaze.

"Do you know," said he, "what that paper was? It was your signed engagement! And now I have no longer any claims on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my good girl, and employ your little capital well, and be happy."

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.

"Don't talk to me of gratitude," replied the manager; "we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire; you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming."

CURING A COLD.

THE weather's sudden changes last winter produced their usual results, in the shapes of coughs, colds, influenza and catarrh, and while laboring under the three former, my experiences were as follows:—

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to-bed. I did so.

Shortly afterwards, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also.

Within an hour another friend assured me that it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both.

I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant (eating-house) that morning; he watched me until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about that neighborhood were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started towards the city, and on the way met another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything he knew in the world.

I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it. The result was surprising; I must have vomited three-quarters of an hour; I believe I felt as if I were throwing my heart up. But I grew worse.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering bass two octaves below my natural tone; I only compassed my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep, my discordant voice roused me to wakefulness again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended. I took it.

Then gin and treacle. I took that also.

Then gin and onions. I added the onions and took all three.

I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went away with my sprightly comrade, Adair Wilson. It is gratifying to me to reflect that we have traveled in considerable style; we went first-class line, and my friend took all his baggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs and a daguerreotype of his grandmother. I had my regular gin and treacle, and we had a very healthy time of it for a while. We hunted and fished all day, and I doctored my cough all night. By managing in this way, I hoped to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. A sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it), soaked in ice-water, was wound around me until I resembled a swathed mummy.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

But it had not. After being absent a week, I returned to the city, and besides the Turkish baths, I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted. They would have cured me, but I had to go to Paris, where, notwithstanding the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally resolved to visit Dublin, and the first day after my arrival a lady told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the hotel recommended precisely the same course.

Each advised me to take a quart—which makes half a gallon. I mean to do it, or perish in the attempt.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it—if it dont cure them, it can't do more than kill them.

THE COMEDIAN AND THE EMPEROR,

MANY monarchs have delighted in an extravagant and startling exhibition of power, but the Russian despots, perhaps more frequently than others, have been in the habit of blending dramatic contrivances both with vengeance and playfulness.

The Emperor Paul was a strange half-mad personage; he honored with his favor many humble persons, and among the number, one Frogere, a French player, who had the honor of dining at the imperial table, where sometimes his sallies were held to be brilliant. One day a compliment was paid to the Emperor which went to exalt him above Peter the Great. The Emperor affected modesty, but at the same time attempted a witticism, remarking that so to flatter him was "robbing Peter to pay Paul," and appealed to Frogere if that were fair. The player, for the sake of the joke rather than the truth, instantly admitted that it was not, "as there was no probability that ever any one would be able to rob Paul to pay Peter." This did not please; there was too much sarcastic truth in it to pass current in that society. Every one looked blank; the party broke up before the gloom passed away, and Frogere, much disconcerted, retreated to his bed, and tried to forget the mishap in sleep. That night his chamber was abruptly entered by an officer and four armed men, and the Emperor's warrant for his arrest was produced. It was announced that he was banished to Siberia, and must forthwith commence his sad journey. He was merely allowed time to provide himself with a change of clothes, when he was forced into a carriage which, strongly guarded, moved onward, two soldiers with pistols and a drawn sword being his companions in the vehicle. They advanced briskly during the night, and when day returned, the actor was blindfolded.

A stop was at length made; he was removed from the coach, and the bandgage being taken from his eyes, he found himself in a wretched hovel. Some course food was set before him, while an officer with whom he had formerly been on intimate terms, looked on in cold forbidden silence.

Frogere was too much afflicted to eat. "What have I done," he exclaimed, "to merit this severity?"

"Need you be told?" inquired the officer;—"have you forgotten the mad insult you ventured to offer to the Emperor of all the Russias at his own table? So outrageous a sarcasm his imperial majesty could not forgive."

"Heaven is my witness," said Frogere,—"I meant no offence. Can you not make this known? cannot you intercede for me?"

"Impossible! all I can do is to take care of your property at Moscow. Any other commission that you may give me I will faithfully execute."

"And am I to be banished for life?"

"No; the kindness of the Emperor for you forbids him to go so far; you are only to remain in Siberia thirty years!"

"Thirty years!" Frogere exclaimed with horror. In that mournful hour the vast difference between banishment for life and "only for thirty years," was hardly appreciated.

The officer took his leave; Frogere was again blinded, and the carriage pursued its journey. At intervals it stopped, a scanty meal was set before the prisoner. How long they had been travelling he could not tell, but he concluded they had reached the confines, when, blinded with more care than ever, he found the upper part of his dress loosened, his arms pinioned, and in this situation he was placed upon a seat. He heard the jarring sound of muskets, and the military word of command and recommended his soul to Heaven. Another movement was made, which told him the fatal moment was at hand, when the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself in the same place which he had filled when he hazarded that jocular remark which had caused him to experience so much affliction. The emperor presided, and all present laughed, delighted with the imperial prank, for such it was, which had driven the object of it half a dozen miles round the palace under the circumstances described,—some four and twenty hours. For poor Frogere the change was too violent; he fainted in the moment when his safety was announced, and did not immediately revive to receive the congratulations of those courtiers who could admire such a fearful experiment on the actor's feelings as had been made by the then potent *despot*, the miserable Emperor Paul.

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE INFORMERS.—If half the cleverness exhibited in petty swindling were only diverted to purposes of honesty, our list of successful business men would be largely increased. But the poverty that sharpens the wit, blunts the moral sense, and rogues glory in their skillful subterfuges. Here is a case. A shrewder way of obtaining a smile has not been devised.

Three ragged, wretched topers stood shivering upon a street corner. They had not a cent between them, and were dying for a drink within an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass; after many impracticable suggestions one of the party said:

"I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink."

"Drink," replied his companions, "that what's easily said; but who's to pay?"

"Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining saloon and called for whiskey skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman. After he had waited on his customers, and while they were enjoying their othodox beverage at the counter, in walked toper No. 1.

"How are ye?" said he to the Dutchman.

"How ye do?" said the Dutchman.

Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at topers Nos. 2 and 3, and beckoning the proprietor aside, asked mysteriously:

"Do you know these men?"

The Dutchman started.

"I know no more as dat dey call for de whisky skins."

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.

"Sir? I not take any money for the whisky skins?" asked the astonished landlord.

"No; they are informers."

"Hey! informers?"

"Yes, they buy liquor of you so as to inform on you."

"Ah, I understand," said the Dutchman. "Dey not catch me. Tank you, sir. You take somethin?"

"I don't object," said toper No. 1, and he took a swig with his companions.

"What's to pay?" said toper No. 2, putting his hand into his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor, me keeps it for my friens."

And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not decline the invitation.

REMARKABLE DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The death of George W. Spitler, of Rensselaer, Ind., by lightning recently, was one of the most peculiar instances of the kind on record. The house is situated about one mile from the town, on a considerable sand ridge, in a grove of tall timber, and is two and a half stories high, protected by a lightning rod, the first three sections of which are octagonal copper; the balance is rod iron. The most reasonable theory is that the copper received a greater charge than the iron could carry off. The consequence was, that a portion of the electricity was diverted from the copper to the house, entering the roof some little distance from the rod. It passed down into the apartments of the dwelling, meandering its way through some four or five rooms, severely shocking several persons that were asleep in them, as it passed. It entered the room of the deceased, which is on the first floor, where he was in bed with his wife. It passed up the foot post of his bed, through his body, and down the head post, instantly killing the deceased, and shivering it as it passed; then through the floor to the ground. His wife, who was awake at the time, was unconscious that her husband was struck, and felt the shock in her foot, in which she was afflicted with rheumatism. He had been awake but a moment before, and changed his position in bed. She had been up but a moment before and closed the door. The deceased had changed his position to the back part of the bed, to enable her to get in without inconvenience. He lay quietly. Death had done its work so suddenly as not to disturb a muscle. The bedroom was lighted for a moment by the flash, and, as above stated, Mrs. Spitler felt a slight shock in her lame foot. Little dreaming that her husband was a corpse by her side, she quietly remarked: "That shocked my foot." There was no reply; when, placing her hand upon him, the dread truth flashed upon her mind. An examination of the body disclosed no marks save a slight discoloration of the skin in a straight line from the foot to the head. There was no distortion of the features—all placid as though asleep. The deceased was among the first settlers of Jasper county, and for four years filled the office of Clerk, Auditor and Receiver of the county, and has been identified as director in several of the public works of the State.

EARLY EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.—The titles under which Shakespeare originally published his Plays cannot fail to be of interest, now that everything connected with the Poet is attracting public attention. We therefore subjoin a few, copying the spelling as it appears on the title pages of the first quarto editions:—

The Tragedy of King Richard the third, containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes; his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death..... 1597

The History of Henrie the Fovrth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstaffe..... 1598

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called Loues labors lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas..... 1598

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants..... 1600

A Midsomer nights dreame..... 1600

The most excellente Historie of the merchant of Venice with the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three chests.. 1600

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, prince of Denmarke. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.... 1604

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EDWIN FORREST.

THIS greatest of living tragedians and exponent of Shakespeare was born in Monroe street, Philadelphia, March 9th, 1806. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an American, both strong adherents to the Scotch Presbyterian church. Forrest's father was the runner for the old United States Bank, and died in its service. There were six children, viz.: Lyman, Henrietta, Caroline, William, Edwin and Edgar. Lyman was a tanner and currier—his shop being in Second street near Callowhill. It was in this shop that Edwin Forrest gave his first recitation, on a stone table (used by his brother for dressing leather), for the amusement of the workmen. At ten years of age he was taken from school, and placed in the German importing house of Messrs. Baker & Sons, in Race street, below Third. During his stay at this business he was constantly found with a play book in hand, instead of the day-book or ledger. He was a clerk in the store of Fife, ship chandler, on the wharf. Young Forrest gave so much more of his attention to play-acting than he did to his "boss's" interest, that Mr. Baker would often remark: "Edwin, this theatrical infatuation will be your ruin!" He remained with Messrs. Baker & Sons but for a short time, as we soon find him on the boards of the Old South Street Theatre. He next joined a Thespian Society in Chestnut street, below Fifth, where he became the "star" of the evening. In 1817, he appeared at the Apollo Theatre, situated at the corner of South and Apollo streets, a few doors above Fourth street, as Lady Anne in "Douglas;" his costume on this occasion consisted of thick, heavy shoes, coarse woollen stockings, and a short white dress, which reached to his knees only, with a red scarf around his head! His next appearance was at the Tivoli Gardens, in Market street, above Thirteenth, as Young Norval. This was in the summer of 1820. Mr. Forrest's first appearance on a regular stage was as Young Norval, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, November 27th, 1820. The cool reception accorded him on this occasion did not discourage him in the least; on the contrary, he continued studying harder and harder, resolving to adopt the stage as his profession. On the 6th of January, 1821, he took his first benefit, appearing as Octavian, in "The Mountaineers." Mr. F. then wended his steps Westward, and made his first appearance at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the fall of 1822, (the theatre being under the management of Collins and Jones), as Malfort, in "The Soldier's Daughter." During his engagement there, he played Richard, and the editor of a newspaper was called a madman for prophecying his future greatness. In Louisville, Mr. Forrest played Othello, and several other characters for the first time, with scarcely any knowledge of the text. Strange as it may seem now, at this time Mr. Forrest's taste was decidedly for low comedy, and he played Blaise and Lubin with much success. While in Louisville, he assumed the character of a negro dandy! He suffered many privations, being obliged on one occasion to swim over the Muskingum river, the stream being very high, and his funds very low. He boiled corn as hard as Pharaoh's heart, to keep up life; this was in the wilds of Kentucky. After playing in the different cities out West, he joined a circus company, as tumbler and rider, at a salary of twelve dollars per week, for a season of twelve months. It has been doubted by some that Forrest ever performed feats of agility in the circus; but there is no mistake about it. He performed in the Old North Pearl Street Amphitheaare, in Albany, for a wager (he was at the time attached to the Pearl Street Theatre, under the management of Gilfert), in a stilt vaulting act, for Bill Gates' benefit, eliciting shouts of laughter and applause from those present, who knew it was "Ned." The dress he wore on that occasion was from the wardrobe of the establishment. It consisted of an enormous pair of Turkish trowsers, breast plate and fly; his feet were adorned with a pair of sheepskin' pumps (whoppers in size)—the kind worn by a numerous train of auxiliaries, *alias* "supes." Few knew him, but much fun was had at Ned's expense. He also made a flying leap through a barrel of red fire, for Charley Young's benefit, singing his eyebrows all off! This was his last big leap in the show business. Sol. Smith, in his reminiscences, says he saw Forrest with a show in Kentucky. "Ned was performing flip flaps at the rate of 2:40 per minute, and the way he kicked the dust about was a caution to owls!" But through the intercession of many friends he was induced to give up this mode of life. So he joined Mr. Caldwell's company at New Orleans, making his first appearance February 4th, 1823, as Jaffier. In 1826, he returned from the West, and became a member of the Pearl Street Theatre, Albany, making his first appearance as George Barnwell; afterwards playing Timour the Tartar, Earl of Osmond, in the "Castle Spectre;" also in the "Broken Sword," "William Tell," &c., acquitting himself creditably. On the appearance of Conway, the great English star tragedian, at the Pearl Street Theatre, Forrest played "second." On the night that Forrest played Mark Antony to Conway's Brutus, the house was filled to overflowing. It would seem that on that occasion, Forrest, to use a modern term, "threw himself," his speech over the dead body of Cæsar completely electrifying and "bringing down the house." Everybody was astonished, "taken aback," for they had no idea that the "vaulting young stripling" had so much of the "real mettle" in him. We have no doubt that Conway felt annoyed, chagrined, if not jealous, at the course things were taking. After Conway concluded his engagement—Forrest supporting him throughout—Forrest went through with Conway's *role* of characters, winning the "golden opinions of all sorts of people." Among the audience on the representation of "Julius Cæsar," was Major M. M. Noah, editor of the *New York National Advocate*, and one of the finest theatrical critics in America. Noah was stopping at Congress Hall, where Gilfert also had rooms. After the theatre was out, Noah met Gilfert in the drawing room, and said to him: "Gilfert, as you are about to open the Bowery, I advise you by all means to secure the services of young Forrest. He has the genius of a great actor in him. Take him to New York; let him go through a severe course of study, and mark my words for it, he will ere long astonish—electrify the theatrical world." Gilfert did strike a bargain with Forrest. He played for "Obe" Woodhull's benefit, at the Old Park Theatre, before he played at Gilfert's Bowery Theatre. Forrest, in a letter dated Albany, June time. *O tempora! O mores!*" morrow night I do." company. Another letter from Forrest, dated Washington, October 14th, 1826, says: "I play Damon for the first time to-morrow night." He says in the same letter: "I was detained, and did not reach Washington in time; Charley Webb appeared as my 'sub.,' and played Rolla exceedingly well." In another letter he says: "Albany is not the place for me. I shall play with Kean, etc." Forrest was a great admirer of Kean. Forrest commenced his star engagement at the Bull's Head (Bowery) Theatre, January 17th, 1825. Here he immediately "turned over a new leaf" in his habits, applied himself to study, but continued to play nightly to crowded and enthusiastic audiences—in fact, "carrying everything before him." Albanians claim, with some justice and pride, the giving to "Ned a boost," or the first boost, as in their city he placed his foot upon the first round of the ladder, by which he soon afterwards mounted to the topmost round, leading to fame and fortune. There was one individual in Albany who took much interest in Forrest, and to whom he is indebted for much of the finish so necessary in the histrionic art; we allude to Mr. James Hunter, one of the editors of the old *Albany Daily Advertiser*, and one of the finest theatrical critics of that day. Mr. Hunter would seat himself in the box nearest the stage, in the Pearl Street Theatre, and watch, as a "cat would a mouse," Forrest's every movement, action, utterance, pronunciation, emphasis, points. After the performance, he would in private point out such faults as the actor might have committed. Hunter lived to see his favorite and *protege* rise to the highest pinnacle of dramatic fame. When Hunter died, Forrest went on from Philadelphia, or some other distant city, expressly to attend his funeral, following the remains of his best and well-tried friend to their last resting place, as one of the chief mourners. Forrest commenced an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, May 16th, 1826, when he appeared as Jaffier, in "Venice Preserved." He next paid New York a visit, and appeared July 26th, at the Park Theatre, as Othello, for the benefit of Mr. Woodhull. Mr. Forrest's first appearance as a "star" was at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, July 5th, 1826, as Othello; his first appearance in Boston, was on the 5th of February, 1827, as Damon; his engagement lasted nine nights, and the receipts were $4,710. On the 12th of January, 1829, he commenced an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Damon; and received two hundred dollars per night. Previous to his visit to Europe, he took a farewell benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia; appearing as Baptiste, in Dr. Bird's play, "Broker of Bogota;" at the close of which, in answer to a unanimous call, he came forward and made a neat and pertinent address, in which he spoke in a very feeling manner of the kindness he had uniformly received at the hands of his townsmen. He remarked that it was probable he then appeared in the character of an actor for the last time, as he was not aware that he should resume the stage again on his return. The object of his visit to Europe was not, in any degree, connected with professional business; he did not go to seek an engagement, or with any view of appearing on the London boards: but with a view of taking a tour on the European Continent. Previous to his sailing from New York a public dinner was tendered to him by a number of his friends; it was a brilliant and sumptuous affair. Mr. Forrest first appeared on the London stage, October 17th, 1836, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Spartacus, in Doctor Bird's tragedy of the "Gladiator." On the 21st, a gold snuff-box with a mosaic lid, was presented to him by the performers of Drury Lane Theatre, "in testimony of their admiration for his talent as an actor and their respect for him as a man." It was during this visit he married Miss Catherine Sinclair. When Mr. Forrest returned from England in 1838, he opened at the Park Theatre, New York, and the receipts for the first three nights were $4,200. In 1845, he paid another visit to England, and appeared at the Princess' Theatre, London, as Macbeth. It was on this occasion that he was hissed, which indignity he ascribed to the intrigues of Macready. His first appearance after his divorce took place, was at the Broadway Theatre, New York, February 9th, 1852, as Damon; the engagement lasted for sixty-one nights. The house on the first night, was a solid, compact mass of Forrest's friends. At the conclusion of the performance he was called out. A large number of boquets and miniature American flags were thrown on, and covered the stage. On his appearance, a large flag was displayed in the parquet, with the motto:—"This is our Verdict." Mr. Forrest's speech was very brief.

On June 8th, 1855, he purchased a splendid brown stone mansion on Broad street, Philadelphia, for which he paid $33,000, and retired into private life. When the season of 1860-61 opened, very tempting offers were made Mr. Forrest to re-appear once more on the stage and play a farewell engagement. He finally entered into an arrangement with Mr. James M. Nixon, a theatrical speculator, to perform one hundred nights (three nights each week only) in the principal cities in the United States, Mr. Forrest to receive a clear half of the nightly gross receipts. The opening night was August 27th, at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. The tickets were placed at one dollar each, and several days before the performance took place, every seat in the house was secured. It was a brilliant ovation. Mr. Forrest was received amid thunders of applause; here his engagement continued for two weeks. On Monday, September 10th, he opened at Niblo's Garden, New York, as Hamlet. The choice seats were sold at public auction, and so great was the demand, that on the day of the performance, premiums were offered for seats. Mr. Forrest is remarkable for his symmetrical, but somewhat Herculean proportions. His neck is a pillar of strength, and his head finely set on. His features are marked, but by no means of a classic cast, nor are they well suited for histrionic effect. His voice is of a two-fold kind—deep, rich, and powerful, coming naturally from the chest—high and thin from the throat. Mr. F. is the original Claude Melnotte in this country. He played that character on Tuesday, May 15th, 1838, at the Park Theatre, New York, being the first representation of the play in this country. Mrs. Richardson was the Pauline, and Mrs. Wheatley, Madame Deschapelles. In February, of 1845, when Mr. Forrest visited England, he was desirous of producing Bulwer's great plays of "Richelieu" and the "Lady of Lyons." He accordingly addressed that gentleman the following letter:—

"276 REGENT STREET, LONDON.

SIR:—Being desirous of producing at the Princess' Theatre, the plays of "Richelieu," and the "Lady of Lyons," I take the liberty of addressing you, to know if you have any objection to their being represented there, and what would be the author's nightly fee. I have the honor to be, yours with the highest respect,

EDWIN FORREST.

To Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart."

After waiting nearly ten days—an unaccountable and unexpected delay—Mr. Bulwer returned the following answer. It is always customary to pay the author of a great play in Great Britain a certain sum for each night of its performance, and this is justice. But Mr. Bulwer, by whom influenced we will not even suspect, accompanies the statement of his extraordinary price for the right asked for by Mr. Forrest, by such tyrannical conditions as to render it impossible for the latter to act in the plays alluded to. Read this supercilious answer:—

"SIR:—I regret that, having invariably declined to allow the representation of my plays nightly at any metropolitan theatre, I cannot comply with your request. I could not allow "Richelieu" and the "Lady of Lyons" to be performed for a less period than ten nights each, upon a payment beforehand of fifty guineas for the two—and supposing that the twenty performances were included within five weeks—at which time the right of performance (supposing that accident prevented the completing the twenty representations) would cease, and return entirely to my disposal.

I am, sir, your ob'dt servant,
E. B. LYTTON.

E. Forrest, Esq.
March 4, 1845."

We give this case as but one of many, and leave the reader to decide for himself. Mr. Bulwer exhibits in his note the true character of the man, and we do not wonder that Mr. Forrest cherishes a bitter remembrance of such treatment.

Coleridge said of his father, that "to see him act, was like reading Shakespeare by lightning." The electricity that shook and fired human hearts has not perished; the bolt was not shivered until it had left a flame behind in a living bosom. Edwin Forrest has caught that spirit which could play amidst the tempest and whirlwind of passion with fitful and rushing gleams; but he has also that purer spirit which throws a verdure over the human heart, and a light of peace and beauty on the holy quiet of its affections. He has a large humanity within him, which its master genius may boldly breathe and send out with no uncertain sound, the power of all its high throbbing emotions. What will be Edwin Forrest's guerdon when he throws down the tinsel sceptre? Will his name go hand-in-hand with that of the poets he has made great, and who, by the fire of his genius, has kept bright the embers of art in our midst? He has given to the rising generations a taste for all that is beautiful in art and sublime in poetry; he has opened to their view the great book of the mimic world, and let in the light of Shakespeare there to illuminate it. He has, by the mere effort of his mind, given an impetus to our dramatic literature, over which he has flashed the light of his own genius.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

UNFINISHED MILL FOR £20.

ON the 26th ult., an almost off-hand mill took place in the Home circuit, between a couple of novices, John Prew and John Truckle, both of London. The fight originated in a growl over a game of skittles, and they agreed to settle the same in the P. R. Neither had fought within the ropes and stakes previous to the present engagement. John Prew, who was born in 1842, stands 5 ft. 2

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

THEO. M. BROWN.—See here, we don't think it would be far out o' character to let us know where you are; we've a small job we wish you to do.

F. W., Philad'a.—Your liberal return burdened us with a sense of obligation. We regret our young contemporary's rushing into that Chess dispute; we never sympathized with its originators. We, too, prefer a more solid foundation in assured facts. Your stand about the "names of players" is the true one.

T. B. BULL, Seaforth, C. W.—The contributions are at hand, and we thank you for them. We cannot commend the Attack in the game, but will publish it in a few weeks. The 1st Prob. will be No. 435, after which they will come in turn, as space allows.

E. H. C., Washington.—Thanks for your very elegant contributions; will commence upon them as soon as possible. Books of blanks, such as you enquire for, are not to be had; but we can send you some very handsome blank diagrams at $1.12 per hundred.

BELL'S LIFE, in answering correspondents, notices the "British Chess Magazine" in the following quaint and suggestive fashion:—"It comes out in shilling monthly numbers, giving thirty-two pages of Chess mostly practical. The editor, we believe, is Herr Falkbeer. If any wealthy Chess amateur would take fifty copies monthly of this clever periodical, and give them to fifty workingmen's clubs or associations, he would be doing good service to the cause of morals; much better than spouting the cant of teetotalism at Exeter Hall—although, perhaps, his name might not figure so largely in the newspapers."

Enigma No. 429.

From the Illustrated London News.

BY MR. SCHUMOFF.

at his 4, her Kt 4, K 8, K B 8, K Kt 8, K B 5, Q R 5, Q B 3d, and White P's at Q 6, K 5, K B 3, and K Kt 4th.

at Q B 3, her 2, Q R 2, Q Kt 3, Q R 3, Q B 5, K B 5, K Kt 4th.

White to play and compel Black to mate in four moves.

Game No. 429.

Contested some time since in the Boston Chess Club between Mr. H. and an Amateur.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. H.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Mr. H.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..B × R P	Kt P × B
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	19..P-K R 3	P-Q B 3
3..Kt × K P	P-Q 3	20..K R-K 4	P-K B 4
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt × P	21..K R-K 6	K B-his 3
5..P-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	22..Q × B P	K R × R
6..Q B Kt 5	K B-K 2	23..Q × K R +	K-his Kt 2
7..K B-K 2	Castles	24..Q R-K sq	B × Q Kt
8..P-Q B 4	Q B-B 4	25..Kt P × B	Q-K B 3
9..Q Kt-B 3	K R-K sq	26..Q-K 7 +	Q-K B 2
10..Castles	Q Kt-B 3	27..Q × Q P (b)	K-his R sq
11..P-Q 4	P-K R 3	28..Q-her 8 +	K Kt-B sq
12..Q B-R 4	P-K Kt 4	29..Q × R P +	K-his Kt sq
13..Q B-Kt 3	K Kt-R 2	30..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-his 3
14..K R-K sq	P-K R 4	31..Q-K R 6	Q-K Kt 2
15..P-Q 5	Q Kt-home	32..Q R-K 8 +	K Kt-B sq
16..K B-Q 3	Q B × B (a)	33..Q R × Kt +	K × Q R
17..Q × Q B	P-K R 5	34..K Kt-K 6 +, and the Defence resigned.	

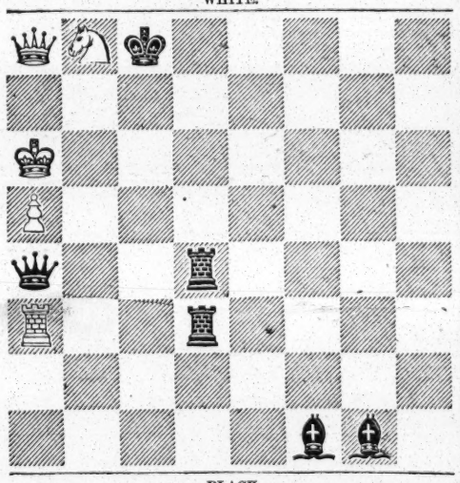
(a) The Defence should have sought, and doubtless could have found, some stronger moves than he makes along in this portion of the game—deploy his Queen's wing, for instance.

(b) Threatening Q R to K 7th.

Problem No. 429.

BY LOUIS GOLDSMID.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and compel White to give mate in six moves.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

E. L. H., New York.—We prefer not to give an analysis of the match games. We think it will be more interesting to have our players work out their own analyses. We may state what we think are the losing or draw moves, and if proved to be wrong we will "acknowledge the corn."

WYANDOTTE, New York.—Not at present. The positions which have heretofore appeared in the CLIPPER are the property of the proprietor, whose consent would be absolutely indispensible.

A. C. M., Orange and Alexandria R. R.—We shall be pleased to hear from you again, although we fear the first batch is "no go."

EXPRESS, New York.—Position received. Thanks.

An Anecdote of the "Herd Laddie."

A BELIEF in ghosts and fairies, and other kindred apparitions which frighten frail mortals by their unearthly practices, is still rooted in the minds of a large portion of the population of Scotland; and though the light of modern science has tended greatly to bring the evidence upon which the ghost-seeing theories rest into disrepute, still, among the rural population, and particularly in remote and mountainous districts, the knowledge which among the better educated classes accounts for all such wonders as the effects of natural causes, or as illusions of the mind, has made no sensible progress. The following story, which we can vouch for, on the best authority, as it came from the hero himself, shows that some of our countrymen in the south of Scotland are not less tenacious than others in the west and north of the popular belief on such subjects:—James Wylie, the celebrated draught-player, *alias* the "Herd Laddie," was, not long ago, crossing the hill of Moffat, in pursuit of his (then) calling as an itinerant hawker. It was a very dark and stormy night in mid-winter, and the war of elements soon became such as to make man and beast cower. Anxious to find the shelter of any roof, Wylie betook himself, with all convenient speed, to the nearest habitation, which was a decent farm-house. He knocked at the door, was at once admitted, and the people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality, directing him to dry his drenched clothes at the kitchen fire, and make himself comfortable for the night. At the fireside were two men, who appeared keenly engaged at draughts. The stranger for a while looked modestly on, and the players having concluded a game, which they considered ended in a "draw," asked the silent onlooker if he could do anything to draughts. "Ou ay, I ken a little o't," was the unpretending reply. "Weel," said one of them, "if you like to try your hand, you may tak a while o't; but mind, we aye play for 3d a game—maybe you winna venture on't gin ye dinna ken muckle about it." "I dinna mind muckle, I'll try't," answered the other. "Fegs, lad, and gin ye would tak tent o' your siller, you'll do nae sic a thing," said the honest gudewife to the stranger; "for," continued she, "these twa chaps are the best at it in this countra-side, and canna get their match." "Od, I dinna mind muckle, I'll try't," was still the rejoinder. So the stranger set to in his own quiet way, and his opponent, reckoning on an easy victory, began to "move," with an arch smile, quite confident of success. But somewhow the stranger won, and, having tried each chap alternately, continued to win every game, till, to the amazement of the whole house, he had disburdened them of some 20 shillings. The money was put down with the most scrupulous exactness, and the gudewife, for reasons which will afterwards appear, joined with the rest in demanding, with much concern, "if a' was paid," and would not be satisfied until she knew that such was the case. Supper was then brought in at a late hour, and the stranger invited to partake. During the meal, Wylie's natural taciturnity was not once interrupted, but the most profound silence prevailed, and the inmates exchanged with one another looks of the most solemn and mysterious import. After supper the stranger went out, and the night continuing dark and stormy, he stumbled on a stone, and fell, making a thundering noise, and scaring away a black cat, which made a speedy retreat through the window. Wylie, after a few minutes, returned, but, to his surprise, found the doors bolted and secured. He knocked again and again, but in vain; there was no answer; all within was as still as the grave. At last he looked in at the window, and found the whole family on their knees, evidently engaged in solemn devotion. He waited a reasonable time, then knocked louder than before, but to no purpose; every one continued in the same unvarying posture. Amazed and confounded, he saw no alternative but to seek shelter elsewhere. Returning the same way some months afterwards, he called at the house, and expressed surprise at being so treated with so much kindness. "Losh man, if you be a man, wha are ye?" interrogated the dame, with great concern; "we thocht you was the deevil! When you gaed out at the door, our Betty saw ye flee up i' the air; and a blaze o' fire cam' frae your heels." The truth now flashed on the mind of the astonished draught-player. "My name," said he, "is James Wylie; I fell at the door, and maybe my tackety shoon struck sparks out o' the stanes." "My certy," said the gudewife, "we thocht there was something no canny about ye. There was ne'er a game played i' this house sin syne." Had Wylie never returned to disclose his human identity, there can be no doubt the traditions of the family at the farm-house would have been long enriched by at least one memorable tale of a supernatural visitant.

Solution of Position No. 5, Vol. XII.

BY L. H. MARSH.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..11 to 8	32 to 23	3..8 to 3	5 to 14
2..15 10	14 7	4..3 10, and wins.	

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..27	23	32	27	4..15	10	19	12
2..23	18	27	23	5..10	6,	and wins.	
3..18	15	23	19				

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..25 to 29		32 to 27		3..25 to 29		23 to 18	
2..29	25	27	23	4..29	25	26	30

White wins.

Game No. 6--Vol. XII.

SIXTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

BRISTOL.

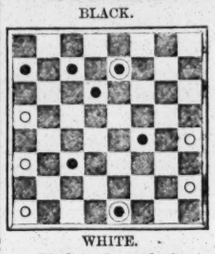
Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.		Martins, Black.		Wylie, White.	
1..11 to 16		22 to 18		16..10 to 15		21 to 17(d)	
2.. 8	11	24(a)	20	17..14	21	23	18
3..16	19	23	16	18.. 7	11	18	14
4..12	19	27	23	19..16	20	14	9
5.. 4	8	23	16	20.. 3	7	9	6
6.. 8	12	32	27	21.. 7	10	6	2
7..19	19	27	23	22..19	24	28	19
8..11(b)	16	20	11	23..15	24	2	7
9.. 7	16	25(c)	22	24..10	14	7	16
10..10	14	29	25	25..24	27	31	24
11.. 6	10	18	15	26..20	27	16	19
12.. 2	7	15	6	27..27	31	19	24
13.. 1	10	22	18	28..14	17	24	28
14.. 9	13	18	9	29..31	27	28	32
15.. 5	14	25	22	30..27	31	Drawn.	

(a) Sturges is the only author that plays this variation.
(b) 3 to 8 loses.
(c) Sturges here plays 18 to 15, 16 to 20, as the only move to draw.
(d) Why not play 28 to 24, 19 to 28, 23 to 18, 14 to 23, 26 to 10, 7 to 14, 30 to 26, 28 to 32, 22 to 17, 13 to 22, 26 to 10, with an easy draw?

Position No. 6.--Vol. XII.

BY C. M. WILDER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

OUR GAME BAG.

"TOO MUTCH DUTCH."—A CLIPPER correspondent, who glories in the name of "Solon Spike," sends us the following sketch about a visit he recently made to some of the Boston theatres. He says:—"i cum frum a town awa doun east fur tew spend a fu dais in the meatropolis of nu ingland, or bostin, to speek accordeon tew thee proper teckst. wal, i thot i wud visit a plaise of amoosemunt in the evenin or thee da i arriv, and accordeonli i started fur to fined a theatire, i soon sau a door larg enuf for aney fool drest femail to git inten an i slid rite up to thee plaise whare tha soled thee tickets thro a little piggen hole in the orifis. i paid a dolar for a seet and wated a long time for thee green baggin 2 go up. putti sune up went the curting and some queer lukin people commensted torkin sow farst an sow frenchy i koodent understand a singul wurd. i askerd a dandy lookin feller side or me wot the play wos, he turned up his knoes and said "parley voo franshay," as neer as i kood understand, i askerd him who parley wos and he give me a disgustin luke and maid know repli. i sune left the theatire, an as i wos goin out i askerd the door kiper wot kined ov a pla it wos. he sed "poll chewnay's french troop," sow mutch for french and "poll chewnay." i went to the bostin theatire thee neckst nite about 2 dollers wuth, and tha plaid in Germond, i think the theatires in bostin r "2 mutch dutch." Spike has spoken.

AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.—Dr. M., who still practices in Rhode Island, had a way of doing things all his own, and no one knew beforehand where he would come out. On one occasion he was called to perform a very important surgical operation on a young man living in the country. On arriving there, he found collected a large number of neighboring farmers and others, who had come from curiosity to witness the operation. He observed that the house was scantily furnished, and other evidences of the poverty of the family were apparent, and he inquired whether the mother—widow—was ready to pay $50, which he would charge. She replied that she could not at present, but would do so as soon as possible. The doctor immediately informed the by-standers that he would do nothing until the money was paid, and asked them if they could not make up the amount. This was soon done, but not without many condemnations of the hard-hearted doctor, who, however, paid no attention to the remarks, but immediately went on with his work, which he performed successfully. As soon as it was over, he stepped up to the mother, and remarking, "the boy would need some things before he got well," slipped the $50 into her hand, and was off before he could hear her thanks, or the loud praises of those who had just been denouncing him as a grasping miser.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SKUNK.—A French gentleman, whose unostentatious but princely hospitality adds even a new charm and grace to the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, along the most delightful reach of that resplendent stream, used to relate the following story:—"It ees twanty year," said he, "since I came over, and was in New Yok; and I go up one night in z' upper part de cite ('t was mos' in ze contree) to see a frande. Ah! oui! W'en I come by ze door-yard, I see som'sing—I know not what he ees, bot I s'ought he was leetil rabeet; bot he was ver tame. I go up s-o-f-'ly to heem, an' I say, 'ah, ha! I 'av' gots you!' So I strike him big strike by my ombrel on ze top of his necks. Ah, ha! sup-pos' what he do, eh? A-a-a-h!! He strike me back in my face wiz his —— Damn! I cannot tell; it was awful! D-READ-FULS! He s-m-e-l-l so you cannot touch him—and I ze saame! I, s'row myself in ze pond up to my necks; but it make no use; I s-m-el-l seex wee-eeks! I not like go in ze room wiz my frande. I dig big hole, to put my cloes in ze ground; it not cure zem. I dig zem up; bah! it is ze saame. I put zem back—and dey sm-e-ll one year; till zey rot in ze ground. *it ees faact!* He was d——d *skonk!*" And so it was a fact; for no man born of woman could have counterfeited the fervor of disgust which distinguished the graphic delineation of that sad mishap.

A BET ON THE UGLIEST MAN.—The West is a great country. Tall things happen there now and then. Here is a specimen:—We were passing through the upper lakes recently, with our old friend Captain Howe, on the "Hendrik Hudson" steamer. One of our traveling companions, for the time, happened to be a thoroughbred Hoosier, a prince of a fellow—one who loved fun and the ladies, but who was withal a most abominable stammerer. We hadn't been long aboard when the captain called our attention to a most remarkable looking individual seated at the end of the cabin. We have seen some ill-looking men in our day, but so ugly a man as this had never crossed our vision. Howe declared him emphatically the "ugliest man that ever lived;" whereupon a bystander remarked that he would wager a half dozen of champagne that he had seen a worse one in the steerage. The bet was accepted, and the man was sent for, having previously been told what he was wanted for. The fellow was a bit of a wag, as an intolerably homely man is apt to be, and after the promise of a "nip," nothing loth to exhibit himself. As they entered the cabin door the betting "party," with an air of conscious triumphs turned to direct our attention to his champion, when he discovered the fellow trying to insure success by making up faces. "St-st-op!" said he, "n-none of that! you st-stay just as you were m-made! you ca-ca-cant be beat!" and he wasn't!

AN EDUCATED BOY.—The following is said to have passed in a school down East:

"What is the most northern town in the United States?"
"The North Pole."
"Who is it inhabited by?"
"By the Poles, sir."
"That's right. Now what's the meaning of the word 'stoop?'
"I don't know, sir."
"What does your father do when he sits down at the table?"
"He calls for the brandy bottle."
"I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when she sits down at the table?"
"She says she'll wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS.—After visiting the haunts of the poet, Washington Irving writes: "On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet, to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature—to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this 'working-day' world into a perfect fairy-land. He is indeed a true enchanter, whose spell operates not upon the senses, but upon the imagination of the heart. . . Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path, and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!"

"Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author except Homer who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country."—DR. JOHNSON.

Dr. Gregory, a writer on literature in the latter part of the last century, thus paneyrised Shakespeare:—"His dramas, after a lapse of two centuries, are still gazed at with unabated ardor by the populace—are still read with animation by the scholar. They interest the old and the young; the appetite is never palled, expectation never disappointed. The changes of fashion have not cast them into shade, the variations of language have not rendered him obsolete. His plots are lively and command attention; his caracters are still new and striking; and his wit is fertile, even hoexuberance."

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City Summary.

MONDAY, May 16th, 1864.

There are no longer mere rumors of war, but war in all its hideous reality stalks abroad throughout the land. The past ten or eleven days have been days of anxiety and excitement such as were never before known since the declaration of independence was signed and sealed; battles have been fought that will make the world stand aghast when the details shall have been heralded and sent abroad; battles that have sent thousands of brave men into eternity, and cast a gloom over almost every fireside in both sections of the country. No wonder the theatres and halls of amusement have been forgotten, no wonder that business of all kinds has been neglected, and nothing talked of or thought of but the gigantic struggle of the two great armies in Virginia. The events of the week just closed can never be forgotten; they will form one of the most important chapters in the history of the nation, aye, in the history of the world. The city has been almost wild with excitement, and when the rumored triumph of the Union forces was confirmed, and our victory placed beyond dispute, there was not that usual noisy exultation we are accustomed to see in New York, for all knew that in securing the victory many of our best and bravest men had given up their lives; our joy at the successes we had achieved was tempered with sadness on account of the losses we had sustained in the terrible conflict. We had beaten the foe, but the result is desolate homes, and widows, and orphans, and childless parents almost without number. May this, at least, be the beginning of the end.....We have said that amusements were but little thought of last week. Almost every theatre and place of amusement felt the depressing effects of the war news, and in some instances the receipts were not sufficient to cover the current expenses, but managers can well afford to stand a week or so of bad business, for they have had a glorious run of success for several months, the surplus accruing being of the most healthy and invigorating proportions. We may look for a great many Southern visitors this summer, for Grant has just opened a new route, and the first passengers, embracing several thousands of the descendants of the F. F.'s reached the Northern confines, through Grant's through line, last week; they appeared a good deal shaken by the journey, and say the route is a hard road to travel. We have no doubt it is. Among the returned prodigals, was an actor who played a season in one of the Southern theatres for the privilege only of having a benefit. When his night came, he had to sustain a principal part in the piece. But he didn't fit the part very well, and the entire audience (thirty confederates), gave him every mark of disapprobation, and did hiss the poor fellow with great earnestness and ferocity, upon which the object of their wrath went forward, and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion and hunger—"Ladies and gentlemen, I return you my sincere thanks for your kindness, but when you mean to hiss me again on my benefit night, I hope it will be by a house full instead of by the few paltry cusses who have done me that honor to night." He would have been pelted with bad eggs, but that they are held at such exorbitant prices in the Confederate States. Our readers are at liberty to believe this little story (not by Abe) or not, as they may feel inclined.

TALKING ABOUT TRAVELERS reminds us of the arrival of Mr. Lewis Baker and wife, on the 13th inst., from New Orleans, where they have carried on a successful season at the Varieties.

MESSRS. DAVIDGE AND JAMIESON appeared in "The Chimney Corner," at the Olympic last week, both of those excellent actors receiving well-merited marks of approbation for the life-like rendering of their respective parts.

THE WILL of the late minstrel manager, E. P. Christy, promises to give a great deal of trouble before the money is got-at-able. In the Surrogate's Court, on the 10th inst., an application to appoint a new collector of the estate was made, the former collector, Mr. Libby, having resigned. The Surrogate, who is very "reserved" in his official duties, promised to give a decision at some future day.

THE MINSTRELS and the actor people are beginning to fraternize more than they did formerly; they not only drink together, but they are occasionally to be seen performing together, and that, too, on the boards of what used to be called the legitimate temples of the drama. This evening, Mrs. Chanfrau has a benefit at the Winter Garden, on which occasion several artists in cork will "lend their valuable assistance." Among the volunteers of the black persuasion are Dan Bryant, Frank Brower, W. S. Budworth, and N. Seymour. Mr. F. S. Chanfrau also appears, as well as Messrs. T. J. Herndon and James Seymour. We presume we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing some of the legitimists figuring on the black boards.

A LITTLE STORY may not be out of place, to relieve the monotony of Old Abe's poor stuff. Among the number of theatrical adventurers strutting their brief hour upon the stage, but few know for what parts nature has fitted them. In consequence of this want of sagacity, men who are born, it may be said, to appear in the lowest walks or rune of comedy, often think they are made to shine in the lofty paths of tragedy. Once upon a time, an actor (whose name, out of respect for his "poor parents" we withhold) essayed was not in the least qualified to make a figure in buskins, but himself bold enough to attempt the character of Richard Third, but he played the part in such a ludicrous style that the audience laughed muchly at all he said and did. But he still went on, and in the last scene he was particularly forcible, and died in such a comical manner that he was *encored*. This was very pleasing to the verdant actor, and, flattered with so new a mark of dramatic distinction, he actually got up and *died over again!* amidst peals of laughter and applause from a discriminating audience. That aspiring genius is now making shoes for an army contractor. Moral, from Comly's Spelling Book—"Never go in the water till you know how to swim."

THE BROADWAY THEATRE, under the management of Mr. George Wood, will begin its dramatic season this evening, May 16th, with an original play by Fanny Kemble, and never performed upon any stage. It bears the title of "An English Tragedy," the principal character being entrusted to Mrs. D. W. Waller, one of the best actresses in certain tragedy parts upon the stage. Among those engaged to assist in the representation of the new play are D. W. Waller, F. Williams, Simcoe Lee, Shirley France, G. Roscoe, E. Post, S. Parkes, Manly, Campbell, Maxwell, Howard, and Mrs. Sloan. New scenery has been painted by Messrs. G. W. Maeder, John Thorn, and George Wallack; and new costumes, properties, furniture, etc., prepared with great care and taste. Besides this, the theatre has been entirely renovated, and the place looks as good as new. This house was once the most favored establishment in the city, and we hope to see it again enjoying the same popularity. Mr. T. E. Mills has charge of the stage, and makes announcement of the early appearance of Mr. Jas. Martin, Miss Marie Bonifaco, etc.

HE WALKS THE FIRE like a thing of life, and so he is, which makes it the more remarkable, for such heat as the great Fire King endures would cook meat enough for the whole of Lee's army. The man of whom we are talking is the recently arrived wonder, Signor Buono Core, who, by means of a costume prepared by himself, is enabled to walk through flames, and to remain in a cage surrounded and covered by fire, without injury. A private exhibition is to be given to the "gentlemen of the press," on Wednesday, the 18th inst., at Jones Wood, when we hope our newspaper brethren will conduct themselves as gentlemen, and not, by their actions, make us ashamed of them and their numerous progeny. If you are asked to take a *glass* of wine, do not, we pray you, gentlemen of the press, ask for a bottle; neither would we advise you to gormandize beyond endurance, as is sometimes done at free eats. A word to the wise ought to be sufficient. On the 25th inst. Core will make his first public appearance in New York, and show the multitude how he, like the brave boys of the Army of the Potomac, can stand fire. There should be a big crowd in attendance on that day, for the exhibition will be one of the most novel offered us of late years.

A FUNNY LITTLE AFFAIR happened at the Broadway Theatre on the evening of the 12th inst. Simmons, escamateurist and cut-his-own-head-off-ist, had announced as one of the marvelous features of the entertainment, that he would decapitate himself, or, in more simple diction, cut off his own head, never before performed by any wizard or physist in the known world. Every preparation had been made to give *eclat* to the startling feat, and there was a goodly number of spectators on hand to witness the awful *denouement*. All was as still as a fretful child after the breath has left its agonising body, and with glittering blade the magician did then and there cut off the head, and held it in his hand before the wondering gaze of an awe-stricken and degenerate audience. But Simmons, losing sight of the admonition—"take fast hold—let it not go, for it is thy life"—had neglected to freeze tight to the wonderful head, lost his grip on that most useful appendage, and the luckless head fell to the floor, and was broken into as many pieces as the Southern confederacy. To add insult to injury, some uneducated urchins in the upper circle had the effrontery and meanness to ask Simmons to show them the pieces. Through feelings of kindness and humanity, like the "valley liver" book makers, we draw a veil over the scene. P. S.—Simmons has since procured a new head, and is all right again. Guess we will make some poetry about the man and his unfortunate head:

Oh! Simmons is a man of mark, a gay magician he—
Professor of the blackest art most marvellous things doth he:
One night the public to amuse, he truly promised
That it his boldness they'd excuse, he'd cut them off his head.
The public much concern did show at this bold proposition,
But to the Broadway they did go, to see the exposition;
The magic man in all his pride of pomp and gorgeous beauty
Before the people soon did stand all for to do his duty;
The blade was there, the throat and hair, the knife was drawn across it,
The job as bill'd was soon fulfilled, and Simmons he did boss it.
But strange mishap, unlucky chap, as the cutoff head he seizes,
He lost his hold on the head so bold—and it rolled in a dozen pieces.

Morel.

Thus when our schemes in glory beams, the point we took seems nearest,
By one fell stroke, the spell is broke. Now ain't it the quickest?

[The compositor will end the poetry here, lest we be seeking to improve it by adding to it, as he is in the habit of doing.]

MISS KATE VANCE having concluded one engagement at the New Bowery, has entered into a second, commencing this evening, 16th inst. During the past week she appeared in the equestrian drama of "Dick Turpin," performing the leading character with much dash and discrimination. For her benefit, on the 13th, the new drama of "Pauline of the Potomac" was brought out, which gave the lady another chance to display her versatility. To add to the attraction, the "Three Fast Men" was also produced, in which Kate appeared to good advantage, and in her change of characters made a very favorable impression. This week, the always-popular "Jack Sheppard" will be revived, introducing Miss Vance as the fascinating housebreaker. J. W. Lingard, manager of the New Bowery, will support Miss Vance, and perform his great part of Blueskin.

A NEW PLANTATION wind-up is on the bill's this week at Bryants, and it bears the somewhat singular and long-drawn-out title of "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." If Gen. Grant meets with the same success on his line that the Bryants achieve in their line, there can be no doubt of his getting "on" to Richmond in a very striking manner. The Bryant brothers are making money very fast at their little mint in Broadway, and if they are not led away from their own business by the flattery and toadyism of some of the "legitimates" of the regular stage, who hope to profit by the "happiness of their acquaintance," they can revel in "marble halls" some day. Stick to your own stage, boys, if you wish to retain the patronage of your real friends.

HELLER, the magician and musician, has the field to himself at present. When he first came here, he was not brought before the public in such a manner as to attract their notice and secure their patronage, and for two or three weeks it was "tight papers" with the "tricky man;" the public either did not know of his presence, or if they did they had no idea what he was capable of doing, so they slighted the sleight of hand man, and he performed before poor but honest and appreciative audiences. Then a change was made—Hingston, who had just "put through" Artemus Ward, carrying him successfully and alive through bands of red Indians, snow drifts, wolves, and Mormons, was taken on to work up Heller, and the first object thereafter that met our gaze was "A Strange Man on Broadway," and as the passers by *had* to stop and read about this curiosity, the next thing they did was to seek out the original, and this they soon ascertained to be Heller, the man of magic and the man of music, whose *soirees* are now very liberally attended by the beauty, fashion and first and second families of New York. On the 14th, we noticed in the streets a procession of live men, but they were not soldiers; yet they bore a martial air, and banners they did bear aloft. It was a brigade of Heller's fellers, on the war path, or toe path rather, informing the good people that Heller was around, and would be happy to see them at his "Salle Diabolique" in Broadway. Heller not only does tricks, but also plays the piano like the devil. Go to Heller's.

THE CIRCUS, under Spaulding & Rogers' direction, will close their Metropolitan season on the 21st inst., and at once prepare for their traveling campaign. One of the prettiest performers in this concern is Mr. Rogers' beautiful horse "Hiram." It is certainly worth the price of a ticket to see this animal go through his paces, and perform feats which would puzzle some of the human family. It may truly be said of him, when on the platform, in position, with one foot raised, that he "is as pretty as a picture;" in fact, being white, he looks like a piece of marble statuary. And talking about pictures, reminds us of the fairy-like "Little Annie," a child of about six years of age, whose face and form are as beautiful almost as those of a "gushing young thing" of sixteen summers. Little Annie performs a very pleasing act on the tight rope, walking, dancing, balancing herself on a chair, etc., and with a finish we have seldom seen surpassed by older heads and older heels; she also rides a clever little act on two ponies of brief proportions, leaping with them over poles, and dashing around the circle with all the confidence, apparently, of those who have grown up in the arena. This child gives promise of becoming a brilliant and versatile performer at no distant day. The usual riding acts, and gymnastic and other feats, are given by various members of the company; Wm. Pastor is the old style or joking clown, and Jas. Cooke the new style or talking clown, and the latter uttered some very telling truths one evening last week when we were present; reference was also made to the exciting topic of the day, the great battles in Virginia, and the sentiments were heartily responded to by the audience. Pastor also got off some clever things, and was greatly applauded for his hand-spring performance.

"AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE" is to be shown up this week by MRS. WOOD, at the Olympic. It is a clever trifle, full of fun as Abe is of jokes, and interspersed with as many taking points as Gen. Grant's line of operations in "down-trodden Virginia." The spectacular drama of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced with all the necessary trimmings.

A COMPLETE CHANGE of programme is made in the entertainment at Wood's Minstrels, introducing the company in several new as well as favorite old acts. Charley Fox, like the prodigal son, has returned to the fold, and promises to go and sin no more. All right—let the fatted calf be killed, for it is better to rejoice over one sinner that repenteth than to hang Jeff Davis on a *thou sand* sour apple trees. Let the prodigal turn over a new leaf, and we will give him a helping hand.

LEE TRIED to penetrate Grant's lines, but he had 'em drawn too tight, and the misguided man couldn't get through. It's something like the crowds which advance on the Old Bowery occasionally, only that manager Fox, who has an obliging way about him, lets 'em through his defences after receiving a ticket of leave at the little port holes that guard the front. We think we can get in a conundrum here. Why, on the occasion of a great rush at the Old Bowery, and when hundreds of lovely women are standing back awaiting the operations of their brave defenders at the ticket office, where they have been to purchase tickets for self and lady friends for the evening performance, but who have not yet succeeded in beating back the myriads of people who press upon them on every side, thus preventing them from getting out of the Wilderness, and restoring their previous communication with their base of supplies and domestic relations—why, we repeat, are those patient and enduring ladies like some of the females employed in music halls? We *believe* it's all there. Well, we'll tell you why: because they are "pretty waiters." To resume. Mr. G. L. Fox comes in force this week, and appears in three pieces, embracing pantomime, drama, and everything else that offers, or that the public may fancy. "The House that Jack Built" is still very attractive.

THE CAMPBELLS are coming, hi ho, hi ho; the Campbells are coming, just so, just so; and if you would see them, hi ho, hi ho, have patience, dear people, and the opportunity will soon be offered you; for you must know that Mr. Campbell is now erecting a new hall of minstrelsy in the Bowery, opposite Spring street, and by the time the army of the Potomac visits the Richmond Theatre, our army of occupation in New York will have a chance to visit the new hall, which will be completed on or before June 1st.

DELPHINI, THE CLOWN, when he was engaged at the Academy of Music, was supenaed as a witness on a trial at the Police Court in the Sixth Ward. Barney Timmins, who was counsel on the opposite side, attempted to scare off Delphy by saying to the bench—"My lord, no attention can be paid to what this fellow says—he is the *fool* at the Academy." The clown, enraged at the reflection cast upon him, instantly retorted—"Then, by dam, you are the fool of the Tombs!" He kinder had him, didn't he? This little episode is an adaptation, prepared expressly for the CLIPPER.

THE NEW THEATRICAL SENSATION is "Iel Demonio," to be produced for the first time in America, this evening, 16th inst., at Niblo's Garden. No expense has been spared by Manager Wheatley to present the play before an American audience in proper form; new scenery, new and appropriate costumes, mechanical effects, etc., have been in course of preparation for several weeks, while rehearsals have also been going on for some time in order that nothing might be left undone to ensure success from the beginning. "Sixteen selected corythees" are in the *ballet*, led by Mlle. Katarina, Ella Kruja, and Rosina, all under the direction of Signor Ronzani. There will be between two and three hundred persons engaged in the new piece. John Brougham is the author of the new play, which has met with extraordinary success in London. Vestvali has been engaged for the leading part of Angelo, and the rest of the cast is as follows:—

Count Campbrealli.....J. Nunan
Fabio Campbreali (his son).....J. W. Collier
Cardinal Montalto.....J. P. Hagan
(His first appearance in this theatre.)
Ranuccio.....J. G. Burnett
Matteo } Soldiers.....Haupt
Thomaso } Soldiers.....J. W. Blaisdell
Bravo } Soldiers.....Welsh
Giotto.....E. Holmes
Luigi.....Rendle
Marh.....Murray
Captain of the Guard.....Styles
Lena.....Miss Rose Eytinge
The Countess Campbreali.....Miss Mary Wells
The Abbess de Castro.....Mrs. Skerrett
Margarite.....Mrs. Moore
Sister Agatha.....Miss Everett
Guards, Peasants, Monks, Cardinals, Nobles, Servants, Boys, Nuns, Novices, Pages, &c., &c., by the balance of the company.

"Iel Demonio" will draw immense houses, and will inaugurate the summer season in a very brilliant manner.

A FUND OF AMUSEMENT of the most varied character is nightly prepared and offered for the gratification of the patrons of the American, 444 Broadway. Manage, Butler is fast accumulating an independence through his managerial tact and liberality. Probably there is no place in the city where a more diversified entertainment is given than at "444," for there they present pantomime, dancing, singing, eccentricities, and other light and pleasing performances. This week the comic pantomime of "Nicodemus" is on the bills, with an original Ethiopian farce. Prof. Young, magician, is underlined for an early appearance.

THE BRAISDELL BROTHERS and Swiss BELL RINGERS sail for California in the steamer on the 23d inst., under the management of Wm. Braisdell. The company will consist of six persons, and Rodolph Hall (pupil of Ned Kendall) as leader of the band.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS gave its patrons last week an unusually attractive programme, and considering the war excitement, the house was well attended. Mr. W. S. Budworth made his bow at this establishment on the 9th inst. on the end, as bones, Boyce having changed his base and taken Charley Fox's "point," as Tambo. We were present on the 10th inst., and were much pleased with Mr. Budworth as an end man and as a general comedian. He is exceedingly versatile. His playing of the bones and banjo solos is surprisingly fine, and his song of "Three Hundred Dollars More" is about one of the best things we've heard for some time. Fun twinkles in his eyes, and fun plays around the corners of his cavernous mouth. His banjo solo was heartily encored, and he seemed to please all by his sallies of wit. The singing quartette is good, the several voices blended together discoursing most beautiful music. The burlesque Germania rehearsal is one of the best things this troupe has ever given. It is a capital take off, and Frank Brower as the conductor is "immense," creating a great deal of merriment by his comical wielding of the *baton*. Messrs. Henry and Backus execute a vocal duett in capital style, singing the "Larboard Watch" with a delicacy seldom equalled.

THE BANJOLIC ART is taught by H. C. Dobson, of No. 748 Broadway, on the most correct principles, by a new method. He has also on hand and for sale, brilliant toned banjos, which he proposes to send anywhere for the low figure of fifteen dollars.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION, at their annual meeting held in this city on the 9th inst. at their rooms, 486 Broadway, elected the following gentlemen as the officers of the Association for the ensuing year—President, James T. Brady, Esq.; Trustees, Messrs. W. E. Chapman, H. G. Stebbins, George W. M. Leon, L. W. Jerome, and Barney Williams; Directors, Messrs. Charles Keeble Mason, William Davidge, C. N. B. Clarke, John Byrne, John Bridgman, J. S. Gilbert, W. R. Floyd, J. P. Cooke, T. S. Hadaway, H. Isherwood, J. W. Lingard, Theo. Moss, John Sefton, A. W. Young, and John Moore; Treasurer, J. H. Oxley; Secretary, C. S. Barnard.

HARRY JORDAN arrived in this city on the 11th inst., after having spent the past season at Nashville, Tenn., where he was doing the low comedy at the New Theatre. Previous to his leaving that city, he and his wife were the recipients of a complimentary benefit; Emily Thorne appeared as Francine, in the "Widow's Stratagem," and Harry as Ginger Blue, in the "Virginia Mummy."

MRS. METHUA SCHELLER has received from the Shakespeare Committee, Philadelphia, an elegant vase of solid silver, most classically and tastefully ornamented, in commemoration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, held at the Academy of Music, on which occasion she performed her splendid part of Ophelia. Mad. Scheller is preparing for her fall campaign.

MADAME JOHANNA CLAUSSEN, the lively and sparkling German Soubrette, is at present playing at the Stadt Theatre with success. She has appeared in three characters, and in all the three she is said to have made a most favorable impression. The German papers state that since the times of Henriette Meaubert no such soubrette has been seen at the Stadt Theatre. Mad'lle. Claussen, Mrs. Jervis, will appear again at the Stadt in a new comedy-farce entitled "The power of Gold," for the benefit of Jean Klein, the excellent comedian at the German Theatre.

THE "TOM AND JERRY" SCENE AT THE NEW BOWERY.—Mr. Jas. Clute, a highly popular sporting man, is up for a benefit at the New Bowery Theatre, on Friday evening, May 20, when in addition to Kate Vance showing her exquisitely moulded limbs in a horse piece, and Bill Derr giving an exhibition of daring equestrianism in another, there will be performed the celebrated "Tom and Jerry" scene, with Jim Heenan and the Unknown for the first setto, and Milage Cornell and Prof. Whitney in the last, in regular prize ring costume. Such a bill of attractions is sure to fill the theatre, aside from the popularity of the *beneficiare*.

PAUL BRILLANT, *ballet* master, died in this city on Sunday morning, 15th inst., after an illness of several months' duration. The deceased came to this country about fifteen years ago with the Ravel family, and since that time he has occupied the position of *ballet* master with various companies and theatres in different parts of the country. About three years ago, he was engaged by Manager Butler, of the American, 444 Broadway, with whom he remained until his death, Mr. Butler very kindly keeping him on full salary to the day of his decease, although for many weeks he has been incapacitated from attending to the duties of his position in directing the *ballet*. All honor to Mr. Butler for such warm-hearted and generous conduct. Before coming to this country Mons. Brillant, who was a native of Paris, was *ballet* master at the Grand Opera in that city, and is said to have been one of the best directors in the world. He was not only a great dancer, but a clever musician as well, composing most of the music used by him for his *ballets*. At the time of his death, caused by general debility, he was about 40 years of age. His funeral is app inted to take place this (Tuesday) morning, May 17th, from St. Patrick's Cathedral. In private life, the deceased was greatly respected and admired for his kind manners and gentlemanly deportment. His place with Mr. Butler will be filled by Mons. Grosse.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, a gentleman just arrived from California per steamer Ariel informs us, had taken the steamer from Aspinwall bound direct for England, to fulfil an engagement with Boucicault.

J. B. BOOTH and daughter are among the passengers from California on the Illinois, which left there on the 23d ult., and is due at this port. At his farewell benefit at Maguire's Opera House, on the 11th ult., Young Booth appeared in the foil and broadsword exercise with Colonel Monstery, and afterwards in a set-to with Bill Clarke.

ANOTHER NEW PLACE OF AMUSEMENT is to be opened on Broadway, on the 23d inst., by Mrs. H. Holman, of the well-known Holman Troupe. The lady has secured a lease of Hope Chapel, which she has improved with new stage, proscenium, etc., and Isherwood and others are now engaged in painting new scenery for her. The new establishment will be called "Mrs. Holman's Broadway Academy of Music." A fairy spectacle is to be produced on the opening night, for which a number of young ladies are wanted. See advertisement in another column.

Dramatic.

THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA, "Notre Dame of Paris," the words by J. R. Fry, and the music by Wm. Fry, was performed for the ninth and last time at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, 7th inst. On the 11th, we attended an evening performance of the new work, and were greatly pleased with what we saw and heard. As a musical production, the new opera is an undoubted success, while the liberal and complete manner in which it has been placed upon the stage, is a credit to each and every one interested in it. At one time there must have been, nearly two hundred persons on the stage, comprising chorus, ballet, performers, etc., including a brass band of thirty pieces. The "Soldiers' Chorus," in which brass band, orchestra, and male chorus participate, is a grand affair, and received a well-merited *encore*. An apology was made for Mad. Borchard, soprano, a severe cold preventing her from doing justice to the *role* entrusted to her; her voice at times could scarcely be heard; Mrs. Kempton, contralto, was good; Castles, the tenor, made a very fair impression as a singer, but his acting was but mediocre; Seguin, basso, had a hideous part to perform, as Quasimodo, and he succeeded tolerably well; S. C. Campbell, baritone, may be said to have achieved the place of honor in the estimation of the *habitues* (?); he sang his part with confidence, spirit, and correctness, and his acting was also deserving of praise. Thus much briefly for the principals—and having so referred to them, let us not forget the chorus, which was grand. In no opera, Italian or English, was the chorus in the new work ever surpassed, in our opinion, for accuracy of time, classification of the various parts, and harmonious mingling of the many voices. They must have had a severe drilling to attain the almost faultless precision with which they gave a number of exceedingly difficult compositions; and they were just as nicely backed up by the orchestra, whose instrumentation was a treat in itself; orchestra and chorus moved unusually well together, and in winding up some of the complicated pieces, the last sound was given by voices and instruments as if by one performer, so beautifully was the time kept. We noticed many familiar faces among the chorus, faces which we have seen in every opera given in New York, and we verily believe we should see the same if we were in London or Paris. The owners of those old faces seem to be ubiquitous. Some of them belonged to Maretzek's refractory troupe, but because they wanted a trifle more tacked on to their salary, Max gave up his promised season, and abdicated the impressariol throne for the present. As the chorus of "Notre Dame," the refractories have done wonders, and the Messrs. Fry should give all hands a good square supper, with lager beer and Rhine wine accompaniments, and everything else calculated to make them happy. The scenery of the opera was really splendid, the "Church of Notre Dame" being especially worthy of mention. It was loudly applauded. The *ballet* might be omitted without any serious loss; the dancing of the quartette of "coryphees" was not up to the mark, at all; the skirts of the young ladies were entirely too short; in fact, if we did not belong to that class of whom it is said "to the pure all things are pure," we should say the exhibition bordered on the indecent. We like a good *ballet*, in its proper place, but in this opera, *that ballet* seemed out of place. The representations of this new opera were gotten up for the especial benefit of the Sanitary Fair, but when the accounts come to be settled, and a balance struck, we much fear that the receipts will not begin to cover the outlay. When we attended, the audience was anything but large, and the curtain has not once risen upon a really full house. The nightly expenses must have been very heavy, indeed; much heavier, no doubt, than the income. The attendance has been of a mixed class—comprising a sprinkling of the aristocracy who love music; a few scores of shoddies who know nothing, and care less about music, but who went to show off their furbelows; people who patronised the affair to help the funds of the coming Fair; strangers from the country who were doing the city, and a few whose real love for music leads them wherever their taste can be gratified. With this incongruous sort of an assemblage, it was hard to get up much enthusiasm, but the applause bestowed upon the opera had the merit of being honest and genuine. The opera is a good one; it is calculated to suit the people—the songs and choruses being of that character which pleases the general ear, and is easy of comprehension. One fact that may have a tendency to operate against "Notre Dame" is, that the authors are of the American persuasion; we like it the better for that; but the "foreign element," and those who play the toady to them, don't think as we do about such matters, and that's where the trouble lies about English opera. However, we should like to see the new American production have an honest trial in this city, with a share of that support from the press which is oftentimes so lavishly bestowed even upon *inferior* operas with the foreign brand upon them.

CARD.—Mansfield, O., May 6th, 1864.—FRANK QUEEN.—I have just read an article in the CLIPPER, in which your informant states that the clergymen of Tiffin accuse my company of every crime in the calendar. Such is not the case. When we went to Tiffin there were revivals in three of the churches, and one of those pious individuals who preach charity and good will to all men, published a letter in one of the weeklies there cautioning his flock against attending the theatre, but not one word against my company, individually or collectively, for I assure you I am not the man to stand tamely by and see any of them libelled; for a more moral or respectable company there is not in the United States, and, what is more, I pay salaries (and they get them, too) which will keep them respectably. I am simply playing the company in these towns during the alterations of my theatre in Fort Wayne; and when it is completed I shall have one of the prettiest theatres in the western country. I should not have noticed the slander, but I feared that an erroneous impression might be formed of the morals of my troupe. Relying upon your well-known impartiality to give me a hearing, I am, yours truly,

CHARLES PLUNKET.

CROWDED, or at least well-filled houses are now in order at all of our places of amusement. So says our St. Louis correspondent "Plantagenet," writing on the 9th of May. He says:—"At the St. Louis Theatre, Bandmann has been the attraction for the past week, and remains this week, appearing this evening as 'Richelieu,' and to-morrow as 'Othello.' I regard him as a really fine actor, and it is evident that the public do, as well, for the houses are much better than they were at the commencement of his engagement.....Helen Western was to have had this week, but she is quite sick, and has been for some days at the Lindell Hotel, and the management thought it advisable to induce Bandmann to remain over and 'fill up' the time until Miss Western's recovery .....On Thursday evening last Mr. Krone and Miss Maddern, of the stock, took a joint benefit, on which occasion the house was well filled. The bill consisted of 'Nick of the Woods,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White' and an olio of acts by volunteers from Deagle's Varieties. Ben De Bar appeared as Roaring Ralph, and the spontaneous reception that greeted his appearance was ample evidence of his popularity with the St. Louisians. On Friday evening Bandmann took a 'ben.,' appearing as Hamlet, which he rendered beautifully, but candor compels me to say that the rest of the piece was treated much the same as Hamlet's father is said to have been. It is very unfortunate that Bandmann has not a stronger voice, for he is a fine reader, and his acting is beautiful. .....Mrs. Welsh Edwards has been compelled, by ill health, to cut short her Western tour, which was proving successful in every respect. She is now at the Everett House, in this city, quite sick. Report says that she accepted an engagement as leading lady at the St. Louis for the Fall season, and that she intends lying idle during the summer to regain her health.....At the Varieties, the 'Knights of the Lurleiberg' has had a very successful run of five weeks, and the house was nearly or quite as full on Saturday evening last—its final presentation—as upon the first night. This evening it gives place to 'Raffael, the Reprobate,' the pantomime of the 'Banditti,' the farce entitled the 'Lottery Ticket,' and an olio of acts.....The attractions at the Bowery continue undiminished. This evening Julia and Bob Edwards are up for a first appearance, and with the old favorites, Miss Millie Francis, M'lle. Louise—the lady drummer of the Potomac,'—Ben Mason, *et al*, and C. A. Lewis in his great rope feat: a week of full houses is a certainty.....George Deagle tendered a benefit to the 'Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair,' to take place on Sunday evening, assuring them that on Sunday the benefit would yield them at least one thousand dollars, while, if given upon any other evening, it would not yield more than half that amount. But the highly conscientious committee on 'The Drama and Public Amusements' could not consent to any such desecration of the Sabbath,' and, consequently declined Mr. Deagle's offer..... A benefit took place at the St. Louis Theatre on Sunday evening, given by a German amateur association, and the committee accepted, unhesitatingly, some seven or eight hundred dollars that were realized therefrom.....The veteran, Sol. Smith—a member, by the way, of the committee—is out in a card denouncing its action and asking that it practice consistency by returning the money received by the former benefit, and declining all Sunday contributions, collections taken up in churches, &c. 'Old Sol'—not the sun, although he is a 'bright and shining light—assisted by Major C. C. Bailey, gives a reading this evening at Mercantile Library Hall for the benefit of the Fair."

AT THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, ladies and gentlemen of talent are wanted for the dramatic season of 1864-5 by Manager Kunkel, whose address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

WILLIE WARE, author and actor, is now at work upon a three act drama to be called "The Adventurer." Those who have read the opening portion of it pronounce it to be of more than ordinary merit.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN was produced at the Athenæum, Detroit, last week, with M. V. Lingham as George Harris, J. R. Healy as Tom, Mellie Williams as Topsy, and Lizzie Gatland as Eva.

FROM MEMPHIS we learn that theatricals are at a low ebb. Our correspondent Veteran, writing from that city on the 4th, says:—"The Ticket of Leave Man" ran four nights at the New Theatre, and, *considering existing circumstances*, did a fair business, being principally supported by the citizens, as the *Military* were kept close to their camps. Another big *Forrest scare* has, however, taken them out of camps, and nearly all the troops have gone to hunt him up, and drive him away to parts unknown, so that to *The Melish* do we look for protection. They are brave fellows, and *won't run*, if they can help it.....The "Olympic" opened one night for the benefit of Thaddeus Varney, and this evening opens for the benefit of Tom Coney, under the *auspices* of the Sons of Malta, who are putting on extra *gas* for the occasion. By the bye, are you a Son? if so, I will say—"Brother Jack, what's your condition"? .....The National opens to-night with a new *corps de ballet* and vocalism; Mme. Leonora, the prima donna, aided by Miss Mary Warren, Miss Kate Lester, premiere danseuse, and Mr. Hughy Morton, the comic vocalist, &c.....Col. John McDonald, commanding 1st Brigade Tenn. Enrolled Militia, and lessee of the Memphis Theatre, takes a complimentary benefit on 6th inst., on which occasion Capt. Hammersley and son will appear in an assault of arms, viz., bayonet, sabre, and small sword.

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP" was presented for the first time at the Brooklyn Park, on the 11th, and though the cast was a good one the attendance was not as numerous as it ought to have been. The performances throughout were creditable—Mrs. Conway's Mrs. Sternhold, Conway's John Mildmay, and Vincent's Potter being the features. The following night the "Stranger" and "Rob Roy" drew a very good house, both dramas being well played. In the latter, Duff's Dougal was really a capital melo-dramatic performance, and elicited deserved applause. The Stranger and Mrs. Haller, too, were exceedingly well rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Conway. On Friday night "Still Waters" was again played, with the melodrama of "Ben Bolt," in which Duff again made himself creditably prominent.

SALLIE ST. CLAIR and Charles M. Barras were at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind., last week. They closed there on the 14th, and were to go from thence to Buffalo.

"GUIDO'S CAVE" is in preparation at the Indianapolis Theatre.

HARRY GILBERT, pantomimist and comedian, was at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., last week, playing the "Dumb Man of Manchester." He was to appear in the "Red Gnome."

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, business has been very good this season. Mr. Chanfrau lately closed a most brilliant three week's stay there.

THE WEBB SISTERS commenced a brief engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 11th inst., opening in the burlesque of "Pocahontas," Miss Emma appearing as Capt. John Smith to Miss Ada's Pocahontas.

FRANKLIN'S DRAMATIC TROUPE closed a four week's stay in Springfield, Ill., on the 3d inst., and went thence to Quincy, Ill.

EMILY THORNE was at Fuller's Louisville Theatre last week, and we learn that business was first rate. Delmon Grace put in an appearance on the 9th inst., playing Jonathan Ploughboy in the "Forest Rose." Mr. and Mrs. Vandeering also appeared on this occasion, in "Masks and Faces."

AT WOOD'S, Louisville, the star business was set aside last week, and Jennie Hight appeared on the 9th, as the "French Spy."

MISS MARION MADELAINE was the recepient of a benefit on the 29th of April, at the Natchez Theatre, playing Margaret Elmore, in "Love's Sacrifice." A correspondent says:—"She was received with rapturous applause, and for several minutes it rained bouquets; attached to one of which was two hundred dollars." Nice!

BROWNE AND PIKE'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION are meeting with success on their return through the Eastern States. They will play in Dover, N. H., on the 19th, 20th and 21st; from thence to Portsmouth. The lease for their new theatre in Augusta, Maine, has been signed, and operations will commence immediately. It is expected to be ready by the 1st of August. See their advertisement.

THE MARTINETTI AND MARZETTI TROUPE have made "a very palpable hit" at the St. Charles, New Orleans, and their engagement so far has proved a great success. Mons. Marzetti created a great sensation as "Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape," in the pantomime of that name. The ladies and gentlemen composing this company are all perfect masters of their art, and cannot fail to give satisfaction wherever they go.

ETTIE HENDERSON was the attraction during the past week at the Pittsburgh Theatre, playing a round of her favorite characters to good business. She opened in "Fanchon," followed by "Kathleen Mavourneen," which drama, by the way, is said to have been first produced by her in this country at the above theatre. She has played "Narramattah," "Soldier's Daughter," and for her benefit "French Spy" and "Stratagems of an Actress." This week she brings out a new four act sensation play called "Lena, the Street Singer."

LAWRENCE BARRETT, and W. H. C. King, of New Orleans, have leased the Varieties Theatre, in that city, for the season of 1864-65.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES HENRI, the former a very clever pantomimist, and the latter one of the best singing-chambermaids in the profession, have been secured for the Walnut, Philadelphia, next season. These two artists were great favorites in the Quaker City two seasons ago at the Old Arch Street Theatre. During the past season they have been in Memphis.

MARY PROVOST was at Grover's Theatre, Washington, last week, but business was not very encouraging, owing to the bloody drama now being enacted by our armies, which absorbs the attention of the people. The military excitement is so great that it is impossible for an artist to fill any theatre.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY performing at L

Brown was held by the manager of the Christy's Minstrels in England. Upon Mr. Brown's leaving the Christys (as may be seen on reference to a file of the "London Era,") he was pottering about England with various indifferent companies, and at divers concert rooms, until through my influence, and with a good nature which I sincerely regret, I obtained for him a position as a member of this company. As regards that portion of Mr. Smith's letter which states that "Mr. Brown left this company in Melbourne" I have already mentioned. Mr. Brown's domineering disposition, violent temper, and pugilistic tendencies, led this company to pass unanimously a resolution that Mr. Brown's further connection with them should cease on a certain date, the company feeling it would be impossible to carry on the business harmoniously as long as Mr. Brown remained a member. I may now state that the only discordant element being removed, our business prospers, and the company have every reason to congratulate themselves on the change.

Mr. Smith says that it was only on account of his old friend, Joe Brown, that he entered the business again. To show you the truth of that statement, I may mention that when Mr. Smith arrived in Melbourne from India, where he had been officiating as secretary to a Dog and Monkey Show, he tried all he could to form a company of minstrels to return with him, but could not succeed; in proof of which I may state that Mr. Smith wrote a letter to Mr. Leslie (now filling Joe Brown's place), asking him "to join in forming a company to travel in India." Mr. Leslie replied that he could not, as he had already joined the Christy's Minstrels. Soon after this circumstance, the Christys returned to Melbourne, and Mr. Smith eagerly seized the opportunity of proceeding to England with Joe Brown to form a company for India, which they have succeeded in doing out of itinerant bands and concert rooms, and now call themselves the "Simon pure Christy's Minstrels," Collins and Brown being the only two having the slightest right to the name.

As to our New Zealand engagement not being carried out (as Mr. Smith has it) in consequence of Joe Brown's leaving us, this statement is utterly false, as Mr. Smith well knew when he wrote the letter, for at the time the engagement was being arranged, Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith were both in Melbourne, and a daily advertisement appeared in all the Melbourne papers stating that Joe Brown had left the Christy's Minstrels, and furthermore the agreement with Mr. Holt contained only the names of the present company. It would therefore have been impossible for Mr. Holt to have been under the impression that Joe Brown was still a member of the company. The seventeen hundred pounds, exclusive of expenses—for six weeks performances in Dunedin—was received in advance, viz., £850 deposited in Melbourne, and the balance of the amount in three weekly installments of £283 6s 8d each. I need scarcely mention that throughout New Zealand we were highly successful, and had it not been that we had taken the "School of Art," Sydney, at a certain date, we could have remained three or four months longer in that colony. Our season in Tasmania was quite as successful as in any of the other colonies, and our second appearance in Melbourne more so than the first—in proof of which I enclose extract from the Melbourne *Argus*, completely refuting Mr. Smith's statement.

We opened here on Boxing Night, and have been playing to good houses ever since (nine weeks), and there is every probability of our remaining two months more, for notwithstanding the immense opposition of two theatres, both with a shilling pit, with Charles Kean and Dillon, we have held our own at our old prices, five, three, and two shillings, and have taken nearly as much money as on our first visit. So you see that Mr. Brown's absence does not affect us in the least, for we only played here eight weeks when he was with us, and then with only one theatre against us.

I send you Sydney papers, by which you will see that the character of our entertainment has decidedly improved since Joe Brown's departure, and indeed it is the opinion of every one that the comic element has taken a turn for the better.

Mr. Brown's opinion of himself was that he was the "whole show." Now any of your readers who know Mr. Brown will agree with me that the only thing he could do was a jig, and that he had to thank my violin playing for, in a great measure. His comedy was of the most miserable description. *Bell's Life in Victoria*, in criticising our opening performance at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, while acknowledging the great musical ability and vocal excellence of the troupe, remarked that "the banjo duett between Messrs. Brown and Morton, in which Mr. Brown was the funny man, entitled Talent *versus* Stupidity, was a most melancholy affair, in which the latter element largely predominated."

Apologizing for this very long letter, which you will much oblige me by inserting in your valued CLIPPER,

I am yours truly, ANTHONY NISH,
The Newcastle Coalheaver, Stage Manager and Musical Director of Christy's Minstrels, Australia.

Music Halls.

CARD.—EDITOR OF N. Y. CLIPPER:—My attention having been called to a notice in last week's CLIPPER, which is evidently written by some malicious individual who signs himself "Hawkshaw," and as said notice is calculated to injure the reputation of Fattie Stewart, a performer now in my employ, I would for the sake of justice say that the accusation is false, and that during the time that Mr. Stewart has been employed at the Casino, I have not found that there is any foundation for the charge that Hawkshaw makes against him; and as for taking his name off the bills, I flatter myself that I am fully qualified to judge when it is time to do that without any suggestions from outside parties like Hawkshaw, who is evidently influenced by outside parties and laboring under a delusion. CHRIS. NORRIS, Sole Lessee.

DAVIS' OPERA, at Sixth and Chestnut, Philadelphia, is closed.

THE GAIETY MUSIC HALL, Albany, N. Y., is still open under the management of Sam Fitzpatrick. The principal features offered by the manager consists of George Mankin, J. S. Berry, Kate Walters and Louise Evans. J. S. Berry, late stage manager at the York Melodeon, is now acting in the same capacity at this establishment.

LEA'S COMPANY, at the Academy, New Orleans, have achieved a great success. Our correspondent, "Laertes," in a letter dated New Orleans, May 6th, says:—"The success of Lea's troupe continues unabated. Their inimitable performances nightly fill the house to its utmost capacity. The *matinees* are also well attended. Mr. W. H. Fuller, 'champion skater,' has been added to the list of attractions this week, giving great satisfaction in his feats, which are quite a novelty in this region. Chas. E. Collins, the cure, takes a benefit to-night, which from present appearances promises to be a great success. The Misses Millie and Clara Fowler, the popular *danseuses*, are underlined for a benefit on the 10th inst. Miss Josephine Zanfretta, an old and deserved favorite with our public, is as much liked as ever. Her chaste and graceful acting is the comment of all our theatre-goers, meeting with well-deserved admiration. She is well spoken of by the press."

MISS ADA TEMAN, Susie Summerfield, Rose Smith, Amelia Weis, Ed Murray, and Tom Murray, make their appearance at the Continental, Philadelphia, this week.

HITCHCOCK'S NATIONAL HALL, Harrisburg, had for its principal performers last week F. Lum, W. Chambers, Rose Volandt, and Miss Miller.

CANTERBURY HALL, WASHINGTON, under the management of George Lea, continues doing a fine business. A most attractive bill was offered last week by the manager. Snow's performing dogs and monkeys were the principal attraction, and afforded a fund of amusement for all those who are fond of that kind of performance. The dogs and monkeys are said to be very clever indeed. The drama of the "Mountain Outlaw" was produced each night, and was well received on each occasion. The Snow Brothers appeared in a variety of gymnastic acts, and Jennie Engle sang several new patriotic songs. The ballets, arranged by Lew Donnelly, with solos executed by Emma Schell and other feminine divinities, are said to be very clever. Mulligan, Doughterty, and Williams continue to appear each night in their budget of Ethiopian eccentricities. Mulligan's act of "Old Bob Bidley" was given last week and received with much applause. "Cadjo's Cave," the latest of the sensation dramas, is to be produced this week.

A CHALLENGE TO FEMALE JIG DANCERS is offered by Miss Naomi Porter, through Mr. George Lea, Proprietor of Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., to whom she is now under engagement. Two hundred and fifty dollars a side is the stake proposed, to dance a straight jig—dance or pay—at a minute's notice, no forfeit. Until the lady finds her superior at jigging, she claims to be the champion of the day, and justly enough too, we think. Let those other female champion jiggists in various sections of the country make a note of Naomi's card in our advertising columns.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., of which C. M. Chadwick & Co., are the sole lessees and managers, is a very popular place of amusement in that city. The principal reason of this is, that a first class company appears there nightly in a judiciously selected and well performed programme. When a company which includes such a bevy of fair and fascinating females as Marietta Ravel, Clara Butler, Ida Duval, and others, as well as such talented male performers as Mons. Baptistin, Herr Mason, Tom Russell & Co., full houses are sure to be the rule in a town of even moderate population. Let performers and the public also mark this. "Performers of acknowledged ability can always secure good engagements there." See advertisement.

THE NEW IDEA, San Francisco, Cal., has the repute of being a beautiful and commodious theatre; more particularly since it has been re-fitted and decorated. Every variety of performance is given there, including drama, comedy, Ethiopian minstrelsy, etc., and terpsichore is represented by a competent *corps de ballet* recruited from among the prettiest and most agile lassies in the Golden State. E. G. Bert is proprietor and manager, and James Conner & Co. of this city are his agents, through whom, those possessing sufficient talent and desirous of visiting California, can always secure an engagement at the New Idea.

ALLISON & HINCKEN, of the Continental, Philadelphia, start out with a travelling company on the 16th. The following is a list of the company:—J. R. White, Harry Clifford, Jas. Pilgrim, Johnny Wild, Bob Butler, E. Wray, H. Kelley, E. Preble, etc.; Miss Eva Brent, M'lle. Bertha, Jennie Allen, Geo. W. Smith and his great Ballet Troupe. The company is to be called the "Tacon Company." They open first at Newark, then go to New Haven, Springfield, Hartford, Providence, etc.

THE MELODEON, Baltimore, has a well selected programe for the week, and a goodly array of first class performers. In addition to Jennie Allen, and Harry Clifford, the Great Hernandez makes his *debut*, and gives some of his best acts. Laura Le Claire, Tilly Forbes, Fannie De Vere, Julia Robinson and Kitty Scott, are among the "Court of Beauty."

THE RAVEL TROUPE closed at the Chicago Varieties on the 7th. M'lle. Augusta was to have brought her engagement to a close on the same night, but has been persuaded to remain another week.

AT DEAGLE'S VARIETIES, St. Louis, "Raffaelle, the Reprobate," was produced last week. Lizzie Walthy, *danseuse*, commenced there on the 9th inst. Kate Pennoyer and Frances Le Roy continue to be two of the bright stars of this establishment.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, the fascinating French and Spanish *danseuse*, who has been so enthusiastically encored during her western tour, is to show her agility on the tight rope, at Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 18th inst. Marietta, if we mistake not, will be sure to please the Washingtonians.

DELLEHANTY AND WARD, clog dancers, whose challenge to dance against Tim Hayes and Dick Sands, has not yet been responded to, make their first appearance this week at the Casino, Philadelphia. We still hold a check for $1000, on behalf of the two former cloggists, sent us by Mr. Geo. Lea. Why have we had no reply from Hayes and Sands?.....Several other fresh performers are at the Casino this week; among them are Billy Holmes, J. Clarke Wells, Master Bobby, and Mr. Bryen. There is a most excellent company now at the Casino.

BELLER'S CONCERT HALL, Chicago, was closed on the 7th inst. Its location was not considered good.

Circuses.

HAYMAKER AND NICHOLS' Philadelphia Circus, under the management of Messrs. Goodwin and Wilder, will give its first show this season at New Rochelle, N. Y., on the 17th inst. Simmons, the great escamateur, is one of the chief attractions of this show. Mr. James Cook the English clown, and of corrugated iron renown have been engaged, also Mrs. James M. Nixon (that was), together with her trained horse, General Sebtt.

GARDNER AND HEMMINGS' Circus exhibits in Pittsburgh on the 24th and 25th inst.

DAN RICE will be at West Troy on the 19th, and Troy 20th and 21st.

SETH HOWES Circus and Menagerie gave its first performance in country at Detroit, Mich., on the 9th inst. The first days receipts, as we are credibly informed, amounted to $2,300; and the second day, notwithstanding the weather was very stormy, $1500 was taken. The procession as made by this company in the streets is said to surpass anything of the kind ever before witnessed in this country. The Chariot is of immense build—on its top are grouped together the peforming lions of the show, together with Crockett, the great London lion tamer, in the midst of which is seen a young lady representing the Goddess of Liberty, all of which forms a beautiful tableau. Following in the rear, and mounted, are members of the company, all clad in full steel armor, and which, in the glitter of the sun at noon-day, forms a beautiful spectacle. The performances of the entire company are said to be equal to any seen in the country, and under the experienced direction of Mr. Avery Smith as manager, and Charley Gayler as master of publications, the show ought to do a good business.

VAN AMBURGH exhibits at Providence, R. I., the 16th and 17th; at Warren the 18th; at Taunton, Mass., the 19th; at Fall River the 20th; at Newport the 21st, and at New Bedford the 23d of May. Business is fine with "the great moral" institution. Although the establishment is more extensive this season than ever before, and the high rate of hotel and other bills renders the expenditures much heavier than usual, the price of admission remains at twenty-five cents.

THAYER & NOYES' CIRCUS, combined with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Western Menagerie, exhibits at Meadville, (Pa.) the 16th; West Greenville the 17th; Sharon the 18th; Youngstown (O.) the 19th; Warren the 20th; Newton Falls the 21st; Ravenna the 23d; Chagrin Falls the 24th; Cleveland the 25th and 26th; Hudson the 27th, and Akron the 28th. Since they have been out they have done a splendid business, and as they have new cages and harness, fine animals, a capital circus troupe, and make a gorgeous outside show, they will doubtless continue to thrive, as they deserve to, for both Charley and the Doc. are hard-working, persevering and, withal, extremely clever fellows. They got snowed in at Waterford, but at Titusville they "struck ile," and have been all right ever since.

DAN CASTELLO'S Circus, under the direction of Levi J. North, was at St. Paul, Minn., on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst., Hastings on the 12th, and was to go from thence down the river to Winona and La Crosse, on the 20th.

MR. CHARLES PARKER, the contortionist, who started out with the Melville show, is lying very low at Mount Vernon, Ind., with the small-pox.

MELVILLE'S CIRCUS was at Cairo, Ill., on the 11th inst., and remained three days.

"BRIEN'S GREAT SHOW" and "Tom King's Excelsior Circus" is announced to appear in Pittsburgh on the 19th, 20th and 21st.

MAURICE SANDS, well known in these parts, sends us an account of the doings of the Cirque Olympique, under the direction of M. Jean Bernabo. The letter is dated Port au Prince, Hayti, April 13th, at which place the circus arrived on the 1st of April, from Kingston, Jamaica. A French company was performing in the theatre of Port au Prince. The Olympique party opened on the 8th, and have done fairly, but rain having commenced to fall, performances had to be given on afternoons, in consequence of rain every night at that place. Sands says that there are three partners in the concern, viz., M. Jean Bernabo, Eugene Capi, and M. Sands. The company comprises the three above named, with the first as director—Mad. Rosalia Capi, Mad. Adele Nunn, Miss Carolina Capi, Master Adolpho Bernabo, Senors Baldomero Martinez, Antonio Orache, Miguel Choupani, Ramon Gonzalez, and Mons. Augustine Ahmarnt. They were to go next to the south part of the island, if the revolution does not break out.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS, Robinson and Deery proprietors, were to hoist canvas at Elmira, N. Y., on the 16th inst., wind and weather permitting. In the company are Madame Marie Robinson, M'lles Annie and Isabelle, La Fairie Alice, H. A. Kingkade, Segenant, Master Hernandez, Oliver Dodge, Charles Ross, Whittony Brothers, Hiram Day, Pete Rivers and Ludwig's Cornet Band. They evidently have the material for giving good shows.

RIVERS AND DERIOUS' Show exhibits at Newark on the 19th inst.

THAYER AND NOYES' CIRCUS performs at West Greenville, Pa., on the 17th and 18th inst.

NAGLE AND KINCADE have consolidated with J. A. McMurtry's Indian show and amphitheatre, and will start May 20th, traveling by canal packet, the whole season. The first stand will be at Meadville, Pa., and thence down the canal to the Ohio river at Beaver, Pa., and down the Ohio to Evansville, Ind.; then enter the Wabash Canal, and travel the entire length of it to Toledo, Ohio.

STONE, ROSSTON & CO'S CIRCUS, with Eaton Stone as one of the attractions, was at Belvidere, on the 11th inst., and showed there the same day that Rivers and Derious' Show did, and a correspondent informs us that the former show did the best business both day and evening. The route ahead for the S. R. & Co's Show, is Pottsville Pa., 19th, Tamaqua 20th, Hagleson 21st, and Wilkesbarre 23d.

Miscellaneous.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE has been very successful ever since they changed their base from the far West to way down East, among ye wooden nutmegites and originators of wooden pumpkin seeds. All through the New England States they have done a good business. On the 13th they were at Waltham, Mass., where they make shoe pegs, and were to go thence to Fitchburg, Mass. In those towns where the cotton and woollen mills are located, Manager Carter should reap a rich harvest.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP gave her second and last concert, "by particular request," on Monday, 9th, at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh. It was not so successful as her first. She announces her early departure for Europe.

CAPT. WILLIAMS' "WHALING VOYAGE" is attracting "appreciative audiences" at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.

"PITTSBURGH GYMNASTIC ASSOCIATION" gave a benefit for the Subsistence Committee, Thursday, May 12, assisted by the "Great Western Band."

ARRANGEMENTS for the approaching Sanitary Fair in Pittsburgh are progressing finely. The Committee has engaged every Hall in the city, and amusements will undoubtedly be plenty, a report of which we are promised by "Cosmopolitan."

PROF. KARL KAHN, magician, etc., had fair houses at river towns in Minnesota. His gun feat is an eye opener to the aborigines thereaway.

PROF. EGGLESTON'S STEREOPTICON, or great moral show, coming in contact with Prof. Kahr and Morris Minstrels in Minnesota, was obliged to retire from the field, the people that way preferring to squander currency for fun instead of "moral pictures" and enlarged photographs.

MISS ST. CLAIR was to lecture in New Haven, Conn., May 14th, on the Mormons, giving "a present to the purchaser of each ticket equal in value to the price paid," and in some cases more too, while the net profits go to the Sanitary Commission. How it's done we can't say.

BOWERS & PRENDERGAST'S Minstrels played to two good houses in New Haven, Conn., May 12th and 13th.

MR. ALFRED H. PEASE, pianist, has made arrangements with Max Maretzek for Miss Laura Harris, soprano, Sig. Lotti, tenor, and Herr Mollenhauer, violoncellist, to go on a travelling tour through the West as far as St. Louis, and return to Boston by the way of Canada, to give concerts, scenes from operas, etc., commencing in Albany, N. Y., on the 16th inst.

W. J. MCALLISTER gives three entertainments at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, this week, commencing on the 19th inst.

THE TACON TROUPE appear in Ballett, Pantomime, Opera and Ethiopian Burlesque, at New Haven, Conn., May 17th and 18th.

TOM THUMB and family closed at Oswego on the 12th. They did an immense business.

MAC EVOY'S HIBERNICON opened in Troy on the 11th, to a full house. The exhibition seems to be well liked there.

TROY is always ready to support anything substantial in the amusement line. Dr. Wilson, the magician, opened there on the 9th; free house, with a very small audience. A correspondent says—"Some of his tricks are very good, especially his balancing, which beats anything of the kind ever attempted here; he takes seven chairs, one upon another, and a small table on top, and balances them on his chin; he advertises to give away 100 presents each evening, from a bouncing baby to a building lot."

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS put in an appearance at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Thursday evening, May 12th, for the first time, and by judicious management in distributing complimentaries, a crowded house was ensured. We dropped in for a short time, but it sufficed to prove to us conclusively that the whole affair was a trick that, if performed as such without the accompaniments usual in spiritual manifestation exhibitions, would not have induced fifty spectators to be present; but with all the mysterious surroundings appertaining to the delusion practiced by the Spiritualists, it is sufficient to draw crowded houses, composed in the main of people who are only too prone to believe in everything of the kind, when they cannot clearly comprehend the manner in which the tricks are done. On Friday night another crowd was collected, but the result was a thorough exposure of the whole affair. In the first place, the Brothers would not allow the committee appointed to test the truth of the manifestations, to tie their hands, except in such a manner as they thought proper, and the result nearly ended in a row. Some one wanted them to allow themselves to be handcuffed, but this they would not consent to. Finally, when their hands were tied in such a manner as to admit of their being withdrawn, they went through with the regular programme. If the Brothers are tied their own fashion, all right; if not, not.

Amateur.

A NEW AMATEUR DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION has just been formed in the City of Rock, and is said to consist of the best amateur talent in the place. They have procured a spacious hall, and will give a series of entertainments during the coming season. The name of the association is the "Thalia." Attached to the club is a library and reading room, in which will always be on hand periodicals and newspapers of this and European countries, among which the CLIPPER will have a place.

AN AMATEUR dramatic performance was given at Meadville, Pa., on the 5th inst., for the benefit of the Relief Association of that city. "Poor Pillicoddy" and the "Two Buzzards" were performed.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE KEAN'S left Sydney, N. S. W. on the 15th of February for Melbourne, Australia.

MR. E. A. SOTHERN made his re-appearance at the Haymarket, London, April 30th, in a new play in three acts, partly adapted from the French, entitled "David Garrick," founded on an incident which, it is said, occurred to Garrick.

MIRANDA AND AINSLEY COOK, formerly of the Cooper Troupe, are singing in concerts in London.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS were announced to appear at St. James' Theatre, London, on the 2d inst., in an original comedy.

MR. G. V. BROOKE has been playing a star engagement at Sadler's Wells, London, enacting the *role* of Leontes to Miss Marriott's Hermione, in "Winter's Tale." His benefit and last appearance took place on the 2d inst., when he appeared as the Stranger and O'Callaghan.

MR. STIRLING COYNE has written an "Apropos Sketch" for the Adelphi, London, called "Shakespeare's House." It consists of groups and single figures representing Shakespearian characters. Among them are included Ariel, Macbeth, Falstaff, Lear, Beatrice, Antony and Cleopatra, Hermione and Hamlet.

STELLA COLAS, the French *artiste*, made her re-appearance on the London boards April 25th, at the Princess' Theatre, in "Romeo and Juliet."

THE CONTINUED INDISPOSITION of M. Fechter has necessitated a withdrawal of "Bel Demonio" from the boards of the Lyceum, London, and Brougham's "Playing with Fire" was transferred to the stage April 25th., Mr. Brougham playing his original part. On M. Fechter's recovery he will play "Hamlet," the profits of the first representation being divided between the National Shakespeare Committee and the Dramatic College Schools' Fund.

DION BOUCICAULT, the Irish dramatist, and his wife, had been producing their usual sensation in Dublin. During the first week of their present visit, the newspapers complained of the excessive overcrowding of the pit and gallery, causing a prolonged uproar, incidental, it is said, to boxing-nights, so that scarcely a word of the performance reached the audience. But, by the last accounts, our excitable neighbors across the water had cooled down somewhat.

MR. E. A. SOTHERN took his benefit, April 22d, at the Haymarket, London, when he performed his famous character of Lord Dundreary for the 477th and last time.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON concluded an engagement at Dunedin, New Zealand, Feb. 26th.

MDLLE. CLARI VERNAN, a new *prima donna*, has made her appearance in London, at the Philharmonic Music Hall. She is said to be possessed of abilities of no ordinary degree.

MR. SAMUEL HOMSON, a duologue singer, died at Leeds, Eng., lately, of consumption.

JOEY GOUGENHEIM was performing at Hobart Town, March 1st, producing "Aurora Floyd," "Masks and Faces," etc.

MR. LYSTER was to re-open the Prince of Wales Theatre, Sydney, N. S. W., March 7th, with the Hodson Opera Troupe.

MR. TILBURY, who married, some twelve months ago, the favorite actress of Drury-lane Theatre, Miss Lydia Thompson, has met with his death under most painful circumstances. On the 14th of April, some local steeple chases took place at Brentwood, in Essex, at which Mr. Tilbury had entered some of his horses. In the second race he rode himself, and, in attempting to leap a hedge with a small ditch at the other side, the animal swerved and threw his unfortunate rider with terrific force upon his head, and then rolled over him. Mr. Tilbury was taken to a farm-house close by, and never spoke afterwards, dying at one o'clock P. M., on the following day. His wife was soon made acquainted with the sad news, and immediately repaired to the spot. Her grief at the sudden calamity is most serious, and great anxiety is caused for the result, as they were very fondly attached to each other.

CROCKETT, banjoist and corner man of Montague's Christy's Minstrels, has seceded from the company and joined a new troupe of "Star Minstrels," also playing in Liverpool.

BURTON'S CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS have started on their seventh annual tour.

UNSWORTH AND EUGENE are still at the Oxford, London, and their popularity has not faded.

MR. T. P. COOKE'S funeral took place in London on the 11th of April, and his remains were interred in the family vault at Brompton Cemetery. Among the group who surrounded the grave were many who had been most intimately associated with the departed actor in his early triumphs, and who had great difficulty in repressing the strong emotion they felt in attending the last scene of his earthly career. Every Theatre had sent some representative to attend the funeral obsequies of one who had shed throughout his life, both in his public and private capacity, so much lustre on the profession he had adopted. We have already minutely traced the course of his theatrical career, and have only to add, as a matter of dramatic history, that his last appearance before the public was characteristically allied with a kindly service rendered to the widow of a brother actor who had died suddenly. On Tuesday, May 2d, 1861, Mr. T. P. Cooke made his last appearance on the stage at the Princess's Theatre, for the benefit of the widow and family of Mr. H. Saker. He played his original character of Phillip, in three scenes from Mr. Buckstone's drama of "Luke, the Laborer," which he sustained with wonderful spirit and energy. It was a fitting close to a life that was throughout marked by deeds of unostentatious charity. M. Fechter intended to be present at the grave, but when dressed to depart he was too ill to leave his house, and his brougham followed the procession. After the burial services had been read, a lady threw into the grave a wreath of laurel leaves. The inmates of the Dramatic College will be much pleased to hear that Mr. T. P. Cooke has not forgotten them, as he leaves, under special trust, two sums of £2,000 and £1,000 respectively (New Three Cents,) to their Institution at Maybury.

AMUSEMENTS.

CANTERBURY

MUSIC HALL

and

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

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GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.

The only first class variety theatre in

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

THE CANTERBURY, WASHINGTON,

defies the world to equal it in

THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS ENTERTAINMENTS,

THE STERLING ABILITY OF ITS ARTISTES,

THE RESPECTABILITY OF ITS PATRONS,

The following first class Artistes are under engagement with Geo. Lea, to perform at the numerous establishments with which he is connected throughout the United States.

MISS JULIA MORTIMER,

MISS MILLIE and CLARA FOWLER

MISS JENNIE ENGEL,

MISS DORA DAWRON,

M'LLE KATERINA,

M'LLE ANNETTA GALLETTI,

MISS ANNIE BOARDWELL,

MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,

MISS LUCY CLIFTON,

MISS ESTELLE FORREST.

MISS JENNIE FORREST,

MISS KITTY LEE,

MISS FANNY MAY,

MISS NAOMI PORTER,

and

MISS NELLY HOWARD,

MISS MAGGIE WILSON,

NELLY RAINFORD,

JOSEPHINE PARKER,

LOUISA ROLETTE,

IDA DE VERE,

FANNY DE VERE,

EMMA SCHELL,

TILLY FORBES,

LIZZY SCOTT,

MAGGIE MOUNTJOY,

ANNIE LEVERING,

WITH A FULL CORPS DE BALLET.

MLLE MARIETTA RAVEL,

The beautiful Spanish Danseuse and Tight Rope Performer.

MONS. BAPTISTIN,

The celebrated French Dancer and Ballet Master.

JOHN MULLIGAN,

ANDREW LEAVITT,

DENNY GALLAGHER,

The best and most

COMIC ETHIOPIAN TRIO

in the Profession.

JOSH HART and BOB HART,

THE TWO COMIC DROMIOS.

DELEHANTY and WARD,

THE CHAMPION CLOG DANCERS OF AMERICA.

The Clog Dancing of these two performers are entirely different to other would be champions.

They are now dancing at

FOX'S CASINO, PHILADELPHIA.

BILLY WEST,

W. H. WILLIAMS,

J. J. DOUGHERTY,

W. B. CAVENAGH,

MARTINI CHIRISKI,

MR. J. DE FORREST,

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MONS. TOPHOFF,

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FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENTS,

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N. B.—FIRST CLASS TALENT ALWAYS WANTED.

PARTIES TELEGRAPHING to me will please pay their Telegrams, and not "dead head" their messages, as I have come to the very wise conclusion that "dead heading" don't pay. Half the time they never reach their destination. I intend always to pay mine, and hope other parties when telegraphing to me, will do the same. 6-1t

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.
Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME
ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 16,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
MISS HENRIETTA M. IRVING,
on which occasion she will appear as
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER,
in the comic Drama, in three acts, entitled
SATAN IN PARIS.
After which, for the first time in New York,
MRS. JOHN WOOD
will portray some of the cares and vicissitudes that beset the life of
AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.
Will speedily be produced the spectacular Drama of
ALADDIN
or
THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
Doors open at 7½, performances commence at 7¾.
Seats secured three days in advance.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1864.
THIRD WEEK OF
MISS KATE VANCE.
The new version in four acts, of
JACK SHEPPARD,
the notorious housebreaker and highwayman, and his celebrated horse
BLUESKIN NO. 2.
Miss Vance.....as.....Jack Shepard
MR. J. W. LINGARD
in his famous character of Blueskin.
The great Drama of
NICK OF THE WOODS.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE
in his unequalled impersonation of Nick of the Woods.
MRS. W. G. JONES,
Mr. George Brookes, Miss Kate Newton, Mr. Marden, Mr. G. Lingard.
NOBBS WILL TURN HIM OUT.
FRIDAY EVENING, BENEFIT OF MR. JAMES L. CLUTE, TREASURER.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director and Manager.....G. L. FOX
MONDAY AND TUESDAY,
MR. G. L. FOX
IN
THREE CAPITAL PIECES,
The effective play of
HOLLY BUSH HALL.
Peter Potts.....Mr. G. L. Fox
Mark Actor.....Mr. J. B. Studley
Meda.....Miss R. Denvil
Pantomime of
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
Clown.....Mr. G. L. Fox
Pantaloon.....Mr. C. K. Fox
Harlequin.....Mr. Toney Denier
Columbine.....Mlle. Martinetti
To conclude with
CAPTAIN KYD.
Horsebean Hemlock, with song.....G. L. Fox
Captain Kyd.....J. B. Studley
Elpsey.....Miss R. Denvil
FRIDAY EVENING, BENEFIT OF MR. C. K. FOX.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
FIRST TIME IN AMERICA
a Grand Spectacular Drama, written by John Brougham, Esq. the sole right of performing which in New York has been purchased for this theatre.
FIRST NIGHT OF THAT CELEBRATED LYRIC ARTISTE,
M'LLE. VESTIVALI,
who has been expressly engaged to sustain the arduous character of
ANGELO,
THIS MONDAY EVENING, May 16, 1864, after
MONTHS OF CAREFUL PREPARATION
and an outlay of
MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS,
will be presented the grand romantic spectacular drama, entitled
BEL DEMONIO;
A LOVE STORY.
With entirely new scenery and original music, and a grand ballet of sixteen coryphees, in addition to an auxiliary aid numbering
OVER TWO HUNDRED PERSONS.
This being the commencement of the Summer season, the ILLUMINATED GARDENS WILL BE OPENED AS USUAL.
Seats secured six days in advance. 6

HIPPOTHEATRON and NEW YORK CIRQUE,
FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
LAST CHANCE,
MONDAY, May 16, and EVERY NIGHT, at 8 o'clock,
AND
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2½ o'clock,
SPALDING & ROGERS'
GREAT OCEAN CIRCUS,
And positively
LAST WEEK
of that
COLOSSAL AND TALENTED COMPANY,
which proceeds immediately for a short tour to the
PRINCIPAL NEW ENGLAND CITIES,
while maturing the preparations for a grand aquatic trip to Constantinople and the Mediterranean.
VAST PREPARATIONS
are in progress to commemorate this
LAST WEEK OF ARENIC SPORTS,
WITH
NEW FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP,
NEW FEATS IN ACROBATICS,
NEW FEATS IN GYMNASTICS,
NEW FEATS IN EQUILIBRIA,
FEW EQUINE FEATS
AND NEW COMEDIES,
in which the entire encyclopedias of everything
NOVEL, THRILLING AND PLEASING
known to the circle, will be produced by the unapproached and unapproachable
CONSTELLATION OF STARS,
to consummate the climax of circus displays in
A FAREWELL PROGRAMME
long to be remembered in this city.
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK,
AND
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
Reserved Stalls, 75 cents; Dress Circle, 50 cents (children half price); Amphitheatre, 25 cents. Doors open, afternoon, 1½; evening, at 7¾. 6

HELLER'S! HELLER'S! HELLER'S!
SALLE DIABOLIQUE.
No. 585 Broadway, opposite Niblo's.
FIFTH WEEK.
29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d and 34th
Representations of
ROBERT HELLER'S
FIRST PROGRAMME OF ILLUSIONS,
POSITIVELY ITS LAST WEEK.
ALL THE NEW TOURS D'ADDRESSE.
CHANGE OF
MUSICAL PERFORMANCES.
TWO NEW SOLOS.
Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home."
Prudent's "Lucia di Lammermoor."
NOTICE No. 1.—Heller's is as crowded nightly as any house on Broadway.
NOTICE No. 2.—Orchestra seats should be secured a day beforehand.
Doors open at 7½; to commence at 8. 6

AMUSEMENTS.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!
AT JONES' WOOD.
THE ITALIAN SALAMANDER,
Or
THE GREAT KING OF FIRE KINGS,
WILL WALK THROUGH BRILLIANT FIRE
IN AN IRON CAGE,
Challenges any person to stand
WITHIN THIRTY FEET OF
SAID CAGE,
WHILE HE,
BUONO CORE,
STANDS AND
WALKS ENWRAPPED IN FLAMES
HOT ENOUGH TO
ROAST AN OX.
THE EXHIBITION WILL TAKE PLACE
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, AT 3 O'CLOCK,
MAY 25th,
AT JONES' WOOD.
The gates will open at 9, A. M.
ADMISSION
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
6-1t JAS. CONNER & CO., Agents.

OCEANA!!!
THE STAR OF THE WEST!!

OCEANA! THE BEAUTIFUL and DARING EQUESTRIENNE AND PANTOMIMIC ACTRESS,
Acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD
WITH
H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED HORSE,
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA.
OCEANA'S Extensive Repertoire embraces the following EQUESTRIAN DRAMAS.
MAZEPPA.
PAULINE DE ESTRAYE, THE FRENCH SPY,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP, THE BORDER SPY,
JACK SHEPPARD, THE RIDE FOR LIFE,
VELVY AND HER FLYING STEED,
THE CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE, SIXTEEN STRING JACK,
MIKE MARTIN, DICK TURPIN,
and the highly Romantic Spectacular Pantomime of
DON JUAN,
TOGETHER WITH ENTIRE NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated actress will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
6-1t* 25 West Houston street, New York.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
MRS. H. HOLMAN'S
720 BROADWAY
ACADEMY OF MUSIC—720.
Now being arranged and decorated,
WILL BE OPEN
FOR THE RECEPTION

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE.
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,

NEIL BRYANT,	J. B. SIVORI,
DAVE REED,	FRANK LESLIE,
GEORGE S. FOWLER,	J. W. HILTON,
T. GETTINGS,	JAMES MORRISON,
JAMES GARATAGUA,	G. S. CONNOR,
W. L. HOBBS,	DAN EMMETT, and
NELSE SEYMOUR,	

LITTLE MAC,
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 4-tf

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	A. HUGHES,	S. S. PURDY,
W. S. BUDWORTH,	H. MUDGE,	J. STONE,
J. A. HERMAN,	C. CAMPBELL,	G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN,	R. HASLAM,	W. EWERS,
C. FRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 2-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS & CO'S MINSTRELS.
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
COMMENCED THEIR SEVENTH REGULAR SEASON,
MONDAY, AUGUST 3d.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS,

EPH HORN,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
2-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS,
STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
H. S. RUMSEY, C. HILLSBURGH, } Proprietors and Managers.
O. C. PUTNAM, Treasurer.
MAMMOTH DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
Consisting of the following Twenty Talented Artists, each one a Star in his line:—

H. RUMSEY,	JOHNNY PIERCE,	W. MANNING,
W. S. MULLALY,	FRED SPRUNG,	D. W. COLLINS,
FRED RHEINBOLDT,	JOHN WOOLSEY,	J. H. STOUT,
MAST. WALTERS,	J. H. CLIFFORD,	HARRY PERKINS,
FERD SCHWITZER,	NED WEST,	C. E. RUMSEY,

J. H. CARLTON,
S. LEMAIRE,
DAN TONGE,
E. M. PARMLEE,
ARTHUR KENNEDY,
Are now on a successful tour through the Canadas, after which hey will open in Buffalo, thence eastward.
51-tf W. BEAUMONT DUHRING, Agent.

BOWERS & PRENDERGAST'S
MINSTRELS.
The above Company will travel for a short season previous to the opening of their
NEW OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.
The Company is comprised of the following Gentlemen:

E. BOWERS,	T. B. PRENDERGAST,
J. H. BUDWORTH,	J. BLACKBURN,
F. WYANT,	T. SIMPSON,
C. BARRATT,	J. CLARK,
L. NEVERS,	E. FAGEN,
G. REMIG,	S. RICHTER,
H. W. WALSH,	R. THOMPSON,
R. WILLIAMS,	E. BURNETT,

T. JACOBS.
We resort to no extravagant "Puffs," no "Grand Outside Display;" we rely upon the merits of our entertainments, and the reputation of the above Gentlemen
A COMPLETE VOCAL QUARTETTE,
A COMPLETE ORCHESTRA,
A COMPLETE FIRST CLASS
ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENT.
Admission.....25 cents.
E. BOWERS, T. B. PRENDERGAST, } Managers.
48-tf

THE LEADING MODEL TROUPE
OF THE AGE.
TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft
IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
By the famous and ever popular
DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
A MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA
of Fourteen Artistic Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
THE LION CHAMPION QUARTETTE
of the nineteenth century, composed of the renowned Signor Gustavo Bidaux, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, admitted by all good judges and critics to be the best Quartette ever heard in the profession.
A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
nightly, before crowded houses—in many instances hundreds of people are turned away from the doors.
The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
THE GIGANTIC POSTER
used for advertising by this Company is the most magnificent and gorgeous piece of design and artistic work ever seen. It is fourteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, worked in fine colors, being the most costly (and nineteen sheets larger than any) bill ever before printed in the world, and which cost nearly two thousand dollars. The first two of these Posters were put up in New York, in the Central Park, for the public to gaze on and feast in Printers' Ink to their heart's content. It covers nearly four hundred square feet surface. Large Mammoth Boards are erected at great expense in every city to put up this ornament, and every body is amazed, and look upon it with perfect astonishment as such an enormous enterprise.
The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
T. C. GREEN, SAM POND, } Agents. 6

INTERESTING TO MANAGERS and Agents of TRAVELLING SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS, MINSTRELS, &c., &c.

THE ROCHESTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS is the favorite journal among the amusement loving public of Rochester and vicinity.

Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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ATHENEUM
MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor and Manager
D. T. CORRIE.....Stage Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted. Address as above. 51-3m*

THE THEATRES
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. JNO. T. FORD,
BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
Members of the profession desirous of engaging with Mr. FORD for forty or more weeks the ensuing season, at either of his three "first class theatres," will address until June 1st, stating business, terms, etc., THOS. A. HALL, Holliday St. Theatre, Balt. 4-5t*

LEA'S MELODEON,
BALTIMORE, MD.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
The Melodeon having been repaired, is again in the full tide of success. Artists of acknowledged ability,
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ACROBATS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
will find it to their advantage to address as above, to GEORGE LEA, or JOSH HART, Manager.
N. B.—A First Class Ballet Master Wanted. 4-3m

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, May 16, and every evening during the week,
HANDY ANDY,
THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM,
BY FRANK BROWER.
MUGOLOGY,
BY J. T. BOYCE.
ZOUAVE JOHNNY,
BY W. S. BUDWORTH.
MAXIMILIAN AND NAPOLEON,
HURRY UP, &c., &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
LATE "WALLACK'S,"
CORNER OF BROOME STREET AND BROADWAY.
OPENING OF THE
DRAMATIC SEASON.
The Eminent Tragic Actress,
EMMA WALLER,
will appear
EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,
in an
ORIGINAL PLAY,
Written by
FANNY KEMBLE.
NEW SCENERY, BY MAEDER, THORNE AND WALLACK.
She will be supported by Messrs.
D. W. WALLER,
FREDERICK WILLIAMS, SIMCOE LEE, SHIRLEY FRANCE, GEO. ROSCOE, ANDREWS, POST, PARKER, CAMPBELL, CLIFTON, MAXWELL, HOWARD, MANLY and MRS. SLOAN. 6-1t

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MISS KATE FISHER, THE GREAT ORIGINAL
AND WORLD RENOWNED
"MAZEPPA,"
and her beautiful and
HIGHLY TRAINED STEED,
WONDER.
MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
has appeared at all the principal Theatres in the United States and Canada, and has been everywhere greeted with
ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE BY CROWDED HOUSES.
Her Engagement at the New Bowery Theatre,
NEW YORK,
was one of the most
BRILLIANT ON RECORD,
she having, in the course of her
SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
been witnessed by
OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS.
Of equal brilliancy have been her engagements at the Theatre Royal, Montreal; Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati; McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and in every theatre
THROUGHOUT THE STATES.
MISS FISHER'S Repertoire embraces
THE THREE FAST MEN,
purchased by her from Mr. Wm. B. English, the author.
MIKE MARTIN,
JACK SHEPPARD,
DICK TURPIN,
CLAUDE DUVAL,
ROOKWOOD,
HERNE THE HUNTER, &c., &c.
Managers will please apply to MISS FISHER, or to her agents,
JAS. CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
6-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

MANAGERS.—Managers of Minstrels, Panoramas, or any Travelling Exhibition in want of a thoroughly competent man that has had experience, to act as ADVERTISING AGENT, can engage the Advertiser at moderate rates, by addressing JOHN DICKERSON, Station B, New York City. 6-1t*

CHALLENGE of
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.
MISS NAOMI PORTER,
now under an engagement with
MR. GEORGE LEA,
AT THE
CANTERBURY, WASHINGTON,
Challenges any
FEMALE JIG DANCER
In the United States, for the sum of
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS,
TO DANCE A
STRAIGHT JIG.
Until she is beaten she claims to be the
CHAMPION OF THE DAY.
Money ready; no forfeits; dance or pay at a minute's notice, by addressing to GEORGE LEA,
Canterbury,
6-2t Washington, D. C.

DEAGLE'S VARIETIES.
ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS,
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
6-tf or GEORGE DEAGLE, St. Louis.

THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.
J. W. RAYNOR.....Proprietor.
Having just arrived in this country from Europe, after an absence of seven years, will shortly start out on a travelling tour, visiting all the principal cities and towns throughout the east and west. Due notice will be given of the initial performances of this great Troupe. 6-1t

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VARIETIES THEATRE,
CHICAGO, ILL.
C. M. CHADWICK & CO.....Sole Lessees and Managers.
The following talented Artists are now engaged at the above popular place of Amusement:—
M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,

MISS CLARA BUTLER,	MISS IDA DUVAL,
M'LLE LEONETTA,	MISS JULIA YALE,
M'LLE ELOISE,	M'LLE LORETTA,

MONS. BAPTISTIN,

BEN MASON,	TOM RUSSELL,
T. H. JEFFERSON,	J. W. McANDREWS,
GEORGE WINSHIP,	T. G. RIGGS,
FRANK BELER,	J. BIEHL,
W. POUND,	F. PANZAR,
R. McLEOD,	T. L. FITCH,

Performers of acknowledged ability can always have
A GOOD ENGAGEMENT.
None but First Class need apply.
T. L. FITCH, Stage Manager.
P. O. Drawer 6301. 6-4t*

NEW IDEA,
COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
E. G. BERT.....Proprietor and Manager.
The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
6- 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—The Magnificent
POLEMORAMA OF THE WAR,
Embracing
THIRTY-SEVEN PAINTINGS,
the finest ever painted in distemper. They have been exhibited in LONDON, ENGLAND; and in the CITY OF BOSTON, MASS. They were executed by a number of the
BEST ARTISTS
IN THE
UNITED STATES,
and elicited the highest praise in London and Boston from connoisseurs of art. The Masking Cloth and Curtains are of the finest damask, and the nett cost of the painting and pictures is ($18,000) EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.
Will be sold at a bargain. All particulars will be given upon application to THOS. ELLIOTT, Business Manager,
6-1t* Care of F. A. Searle, P. O. Box 3601, Boston, Mass.

ALL HAIL THE STARS.
TIM HAYES & FRANK HOWARD'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE.
EIGHTEEN UNEQUALLED STARS.
TIM HAYES, FRANK HOWARD, } Proprietors. { HENRI DECLERQUE, C. C. HALEY,
Now on their First
ANNUAL TOUR THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL
WESTERN AND EASTERN CITIES.
The above organization is composed of some of the most meritorious artists in the Minstrel Profession, and the Management intend to spare no efforts in making the HAYES & HOWARD MINSTRELS rank A No. 1 among the many similar organizations now traveling. The SPLENDID BRASS BAND, led by F. Sporer, will give a FREE SERENADE in front of the hall every evening.
A Good First Class END MAN and good TENOR SINGER (who reads music) can have engagement for twelve months by addressing, (through CLIPPER,) FRANK HOWARD,
6-3t* Business Manager.

FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore.—Ladies and Gentlemen desiring Engagements in this Theatre, as Members of the Dramatic Company, for the ensuing season of 1864'65, will please address GEO. KUNKEL, Manager. 6-4t

---

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT by JOHN BOGAN, Manufacturer and Teacher of the Banjo, No. 5 Second Avenue, N. Y. Banjos for sale from $7 upwards, and sent to any part of the country on receipt of the money. N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. 4-3t*

HARRIS & CLIFTON'S
EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND.
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
DICK BLACK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
GEO. EDWARDS, Bones and Eccentric Comedian,
DICK McGOWAN, Banjo Soloist and Comedian,
I. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
J. NORRIE, Interrogator and Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Piccolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
5- HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO,	ST. PAUL,	NASHVILLE,
DETROIT,	ST. LOUIS,	MEMPHIS,
MILWAUKIE,	CINCINNATI,	NEW ORLEANS,

Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, WM. H. DAVIS, CHAS. UNDERWOOD, } Advertising Agents.
4-6m

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.—The Only Original
FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:

FRED. HOFFMAN,	FRED. SHARPLEY,
JOHN McGUINESS,	NED TURNER,
J. FRIEDREICH,	HENRY BUTLER,
E. S. FARNSWORTH,	DICK PRIOR,
PROF. HARROLD,	J. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY,	SAMUEL A. PORTER,
E. S. SULLIVAN,	MASTER JAMES,
E. JAMES KELLY,	MASTER JOHNNY,
FRANK FORREST,	P. H. HILL.

The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
P. H. HILL, Artist. 5-tf

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
WILL OPEN
THEIR
NEW HALL
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring Street,
ON OR ABOUT
JUNE 1st.
The most Elegant,
AND BY FAR THE BEST VENTILATED
TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
in the United States.
Full particulars in future announcements. 5-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.
J. H. DONNELL.....Proprietor.
JOE MILLER.....Stage Manager.
HARRY WELLS.....Leader of Orchestra.
This popular place of amusement is now in full tide of success. It is the Largest and Best Company now in this city, acknowledged to be so by the public and also by the press. Performers of acknowled ability, such as
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
GYMNASTS, &c.,
Will find it to their advantage to apply stating line of business, terms, &c., to
5-3m J. H. DONNELL, Box 39, Harrisburg, Pa.

BROWNE'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION.
S. E. BROWNE, G. W. PIKE, } .....Managers.
The above popular Troupe, after a very successful tour through the Eastern States, leave Augusta, May 9th, on their return, visiting the following towns: GARDINER, BATH, LEWISTON, Me.; DOVER, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.; NEWBURYPORT, SALEM, LYNN, MILFORD, Mass.; WOONSOCKET, PAWTUCKET, FALL RIVER, NEWPORT, R. I., &c., &c., closing in Newport, July 4th. The Fall season will commence on or about the 1st of September. Business letters, or otherwise, may be addressed to the managers, as above. 5-2t*
P. S.—The regular season at the New Theatre in Augusta will commence early in September. All letters should be addressed BROWNE & PIKE'S DRAMATIC CO., care of Lewis R. Pike, No. 37 Congress street, Boston, Mass.

BISHOP'S CUMBERLAND MINSTRELS.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, AT THEIR
NEW PAVILLION,
Maine Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.)
By authority of Major-General Thomas.
BISHOP & DOWNS.....Proprietors.
T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Director.
TOM DOWNS.....Treasurer.
WANTED—A 1st violinist, good reader and up in the business. Also, leading tenor and bass singer. The best of salary and sure pay. Address as above.
N. B.—Good talent in any line, also wanted. 5-4t*

TO SHOWMEN VISITING ALBANY.—To Rent, the Large and Centrally located Lot of Ground on the corner of Hudson, Jay and Swan streets, Albany. Size 385 by 200 feet. Two entrances. GAS on the lot, and a large Chandelier with 80 burners, sufficient to light the largest Tent that can be furnished. Water also on the premises. Apply to
H. BROWER,
4-3m on the premises

INTERESTING
TO TRAVELLING COMPANIES THROUGH CANADA.
WM. RICHARDSON has removed from the American Hotel to the INTERNATIONAL (formerly the Burlington), KING STREET, EAST HAMILTON, C. W., where he is better prepared to accommodate the travelling companies through that section of country, and will be happy to wait on his old friends from the United States. Dealers in horses would do well to give him a call. Having more convenience and a much larger house, he can commend himself to all. WM. RICHARDSON,
4-4t* Hamilton, C. W.

THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,
GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
3-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO, THEATRE,
LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers.
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

WANTED Immediately, a First-Class Lady Vocal-IST, one capable of playing in Farces. Also a first-class VIOLINIST, at the CANTERBURY HALL, Harrisburg, Pa.
Address
J. H. DONNELL,
4-3t Box 39.

NEW IDEA CONCERT HALL.
No. 463 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
FARQUHAR & HAYS.....Proprietors.
L. BROWN.....Stage Manager.
This establishment having been fitted up in the highest style of art, and recently opened by the above-named energetic gentlemen, as a place of public amusement, is now in full tide of success.
CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY.
Everybody delighted and amazed at the elegant, chaste and bewitching entertainments given by the GREATEST COMBINATION TROUPE in the city, among whom we will mention MISS KATE CLAIRE, the fascinating songstress, and best female jig dancer in the country; MISS ADA ST. CLAIRE, vocalist and danseuse; MISS MAGGIE MOUNTJOY, the accomplished danseuse; LITTLE IDA, the beautiful danseuse; BILL LA COMPT, the great Ethiopian comedian and banjo soloist; FRANK CHRISTOPHER, the celebrated ballad singer; J. LANDIS, champion clog dancer; PAUL ANDRIA, pianist; TONY WELLS, Ethiopian delineator; MONS. LE BONN, bone solo; S. HORN, and a host of others.
NOTICE.—Performers of acknowledged ability will find it to their advantage to apply as above. None but first class need apply. 5-2t*

AMUSEMENTS.

SIGNOR CHRISTOPHORO BUONO CORE,
THE ITALIAN SALAMANDER, OR THE GREAT KING OF FIRE KINGS,
FROM THE CREMORNE GARDENS, LONDON,
WILL WALK THROUGH BRILLIANT FIRE,
AT JONES' WOOD, AT THREE O'CLOCK, P. M., MAY 25th.
See Advertisement in another column.

AMERICAN THEATRE.
444 BROADWAY,
THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS,
A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
J. AMMERMAN, Treasurer.
PAUL BRILLIANT, Ballet Master.
ALBERT BRAHAM, Musical Director. 6-tf

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged abilities wishing to engage for a long season will please address the undersigned, stating the amount of salary required per week. A Matinee is given each week. J. H. McVICKER. 2-7t*

NATIONAL THEATRE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
OF AMERICA.
THE NATIONAL will seat Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
1-tf Address WM. E. SINN.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young fe-male Brass Band, twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverence to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

ROYCE HALL, Bloomington, Ill.—The most com-fortable and Largest Hall in the City. Well supplied with Stage Scenery, Gas, and good Ventilation. Has an entrance on Main and Front streets. Direct to
A. A. LAMB,
at Baughen's Music Store, Main street,
49-3m* Bloomington, Ill.

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
49-tf J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 50

MARY GLADSTANE.—Managers wishing to en-gage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 52-3m

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LEWIS MILLER, BILL POSTER, No. 10 North 13th street, above Market, west side, Philadelphia.
All orders left with H. A. Brown, third story, Ledger Buildings, or Ringwalt and Brown, Press Buildings, will be promptly attended to. 1-7t*

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
ALBANY, N. Y.
Wanted, an ENTIRE NEW COMPANY for the above place. Address to SAMUEL FITZPATRICK,
1-6t* Box 946, Albany, N. Y.

W. J. THOMPSON, the celebrated melo-dramatic Actor, and his highly trained dogs HECTOR and CARLO, having just concluded a highly successful engagement at Aim's Olympic Theatre, are open for engagements to produce the following plays: "Cattle Stealers," "Dog of the Old Stone Cross," "Forest of Bondy," "Mountain Devil," "The Watchword," "Idiot of the Shannon," &c. Parties wishing to engage Mr. Thompson will address JAS. CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street, or W. J. THOMPSON, 187 Forsyth street, N. Y. City. 1-tf

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BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
Cor. Summer and Chauncy streets,
BOSTON.
Entertainments Every Evening, and
48-3m* Saturday Afternoon.

J. T. HUNTLEY'S
"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
Catskill Point.
PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT,
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
2- J. T. HUNTLEY.

U. S. HALL, Wooster City,
WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO.
W. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.
This spacious and newly fitted up establishment is now open for the Show folks and Travellers generally.
It is situated nearly in the centre of the city; has a dining room for eighty people; stabling for sixty horses, and shed room for fifty more.
The whole under the personal superintendence of that prince of hotel keepers, W. W. Hamilton. 4-tf

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CRANDEL'S EXCHANGE,
WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. ELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-tf

THE WEBB SISTERS,
MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
42-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 23 Henry street, Brooklyn.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Dan-SEUSE and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

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TO MANAGERS.—A Gentleman who possesses a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
Care Box 817,
4-3m* Portsmouth, N. H.

SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THEODORE DUTTON,
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers and the Public generally, that he is now located at the
EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
13 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK,
Where he will give his personal attention to the production in any style, of all kinds of
PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS,
Particularly adapted for
TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS,
CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES,
GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS,
TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
POLITICAL CLUBS.
T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 41-3m

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ELLINGER & FOOTE'S
GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
COM. FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 23 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELIZA NESTEL, (the Fairy Queen,) 17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.
Assisting these Wonderful Little People are the old, Original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
W. D. FRANKLIN and J. W. SMITH,
Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist, and Prof. G. H. BROOKS, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.
The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
For full particulars, see Programme of the day.
48-3m-4t* C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

VARIETIES,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN M. KINNEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
PHIL DIEFENBACH.....Stage Manager.
W. G. WALLACE.....Leader of Orchestra.
The following well known and talented Artistes are at present playing at the Varieties:
JOHN CLUSKY, the great Jig Dancer;
NICK FOSTER, the celebrated Ethiopian Comedian;
MISS LOUISE BURCH, the charming Cantatrice;
DAVE WILSON, the unrivalled Ethiopian Comedian;
HANK GOODMAN;
GUS SHAW, the Comic Singer, Comedian, &c.,
FRANK WILSON, the original Essence;
DICK CHURCH, Balladist and Bone Player;
MLLE. ALICE CHRISTINE, the beautiful Danseuse;
FREEBERTHYSER SISTERS,
the accomplished Vocalists and Dansouses.
The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 49-tf

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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD,
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
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